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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL—Devoted to Literature, Science, Domestic and Foreign News, Mechanics, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BELOVED.

I send my heart to thine,
With messages of love,
As they of old were wont
To send a carrier dove;
I bid it whisper low
Unto thy beating heart,
That I am only thine,
Not even death can part!

What tho' between us now
Dark billows wildly sweep;
Yet, o'er thee soft and low
Steal whispers in thy sleep,
Like the mild breath of spring
They mingle with thy life,
Until thy heart beats high
With love's o'erwhelming strife.

Alas! thou may'st not press
Me to thy heart, ah! no—
By diff'rent paths on earth
Fate onward has to go—
Death, what art thou to hearts
That throb and beat as one?
A home of joy and rest—
A crown of vict'ry won.

Then, at the sunset hour
Still send thy heart to mine
With messages of love,
For I am ever thine—
Yes, thou art with me now,
Soft whispers, low and deep
And fervent as thy love
Across my heart strings sweep.

ORIGINAL PRIZE STORY.

UNTO THE DAWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE JOURNAL.

"But whence? O heaven! whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, and from God unto God!"
CARLYLE.

There were two envelopes within the outer one; the smaller was addressed to Margaret Rossmont, in her father's bold hand-writing; the other bore upon its surface a fine, but clear, chirography, which Margaret did not recognize, but which she knew must have been traced by the hand of that mother whom she had never seen. She pressed the missive to her lips reverently—her mother's eye had lingered on the brightness of that precious parchment. She unfolded the sheets and read—

"My Dear Child—When you read these pages, the hand which formed the characters will be coffin dust; for I have an unerring, unmistakable presentiment that I shall not survive my approaching confinement, which is to usher you into existence. So sure am I that my expected child will be a girl, that with my last strength I have exerted myself to put in more concise form the papers of my Journal—and, also, to write the few particulars of my birth and parentage. May you, should you ever reach the age of womanhood, be mercifully preserved from the trials of our sex, inasmuch as the Great Father seeth it is good for you! and may you, let whatever trouble assail you, put your trust in Him through all.

YOUR MOTHER,
MARGUERITE JOSEPHINE ROSSMONT.

"I was born in Philadelphia, of respectable parents, in the month of July, 1768. My father was a mechanic; my mother was the daughter of an English Lord, who, for political causes, had emigrated to America several years prior to the Revolution. My childhood was passed in plenty, if not in luxury, and I was as happy as a child well-beloved and much indulged could be. I was named Marguerite Josephine Heathdell. When I was ten years of age, my mother died suddenly of heart complaint, and I was left to the care of my father and our old housekeeper. We had little company, my father's grief for the loss of his wife was too intense to admit of much visiting; but there was one person who came to our house frequently, and without ceremony. This man was an early friend of my father, strongly attached to him, if one might be allowed to judge from his abundant protestations; and he possessed my father's fullest confidence. He supplied us money, at times, when my father's customers were laggard in their payments; and the world said that we had a good and faithful friend in Richard Eldridge.

"Mr. Eldridge was, at this time, twenty-five years of age; tall, dark, but handsome and attractive. He was the husband of a beautiful woman—of feeble mind—and report whispered that he was not as constant to her as he should have been. But my father believed nothing evil of this friend; to him he was the soul of honor and truth—to be trusted entirely.

"I was twelve years old when my father met his death, from injuries received by a fall from the frame of a building which he was directing; and thus was I deprived of my only protector. His will bequeathed me to the care of Richard Eldridge; and this man on being informed of his friend's decease, came immediately to Philadelphia, and, after settling my father's affairs, he took me with him to his home in Western Virginia. A dark, desolate place was Ridgeton Grange! A lonely, rude old house, built of coarse stone, situated among the gloomy recesses of the Blue Ridge, surrounded by tall trees, which, when the winds raved round the dwelling, beat the unyielding stones with their huge branches.

"And now that you may the better understand the heart of your mother at that period, I break off the detailed history of her life and allow her journal to tell the story.

THE JOURNAL.

"*Ridgeton Grange, July 5th*, 1782.—I am fourteen to-day. It hardly seems possible that I have been in this dismal place for two years. I am so weary of staying here that I know not what to do with myself. The people here try to make me contented, with telling me that I am growing up beautiful as an houri. I look in the little glass which hangs over the table in my chamber, and I think that, perhaps, my flatterers are right. I do not know exactly what it is to be beautiful, but if smooth, soft skin, brilliant black eyes, lips crimson as the inner leaves of the damask rose, and hair glossy as sable satin, constitute beauty, then I suppose I can lay some claim to it. Mr. Eldridge praises me a great deal, and his wife stares at me with those great soulless eyes of hers, in a way I do not quite like. She is a strange, queer sort of woman, at times I get really afraid of her, she talks in such a strain. I greatly fear that Mr. Eldridge does not always treat her well, for I have heard her reproaching him bitterly for leaving her, and seeking the society of other ladies, in some town, which I know nothing of. He always swears at her when she speaks thus, and she goes into a fit of passion which sometimes lasts for days, during which she keeps her chamber, and admits no person. Mr. Eldridge is in some kind of business which brings a set of wild looking, villainous men to the Grange, and night after night they disturb me with their uncouth noises. They frighten me inexpressibly, but I dare not say a word to Mr. Eldridge, he is so stern and cruel. I always had an unconquerable aversion to that man, and the more I see of him the more I dislike him. I do wish I had some other home to go to.

"*August 10th*.—Mrs. Eldridge had a little son born to day. How glad I am! Now there is something innocent to love in this terrible place! Oh, if my father had not made that man my guardian! I am so lonely and discontented here! Mr. Eldridge acts so strangely, and there are so many wicked-looking men here! Sometimes I am really afraid to go to bed! Mrs. Eldridge looks very ill indeed, but then, if that was all, I should not fear to see her and sit by her bedside, as she asks me to do. But her eyes burn so wildly, and her cheeks are so fearfully red, that she frightens me.

"*October 12th*.—Mrs. Eldridge is crazy! The servants say so, and this morning I asked Mr. Eldridge about it. He took me on his knee, and said, 'Yes, she was crazed; God be thanked!' I was terror-stricken, and ran away from him. What could he mean? It is dreadful to think of! Little Carl—they have named the baby Charles—grows finely; he is a dark, handsome babe; the nurse calls him the image of his father.

"*December 30th*.—The year is almost done; it is dull, dreary winter here. How desolate everything looks! How haggard and ghostly the bare trees and shrubs! I do believe that I never felt so sad and depressed as I do this December morning. Mrs. Eldridge is raving about the house; I can hear her wild shrieks and cries; and now from the window I see her out upon the snowy lawn. She is wringing her white hands, and tearing out her hair—her beautiful flaxen hair—by the roots. She is the loveliest creature I ever saw when she is asleep, or when those terrible fits of frenzy have passed off. Then she looks like images which I have seen in my dreams. I said so yesterday, to Mr. Eldridge, but he laughed, and said I could see a lovelier face any time by looking in the mirror. I do not like such speeches. I do not think that if my mother were alive she would wish me to listen to such things from a man like Mr. Eldridge.

"*March 11th*, 1783.—They confined Mrs. Eldridge, to-day, for the first time. She became so very violent that nothing could be done with her; and they took her, by force, up stairs, to the dark linen-press behind the north chamber, and fastened her to a staple in the wall. It made my heart ache to see them bolt the door upon her; and her cries for deliverance were enough to melt a soul of adamant. It was so cruel of Mr. Eldridge.

"*July 10th*.—I was fifteen last week. The men who come here so often, complimented me until I was sick at heart. It is so tiresome to hear oneself called an angel, and a beauty, from morning till night. I wish somebody would come here and talk sense to me. Mr. Eldridge worries me so that I dread to be alone with him. He is continually trying to kiss me; he is always telling me how beautiful I am. He says it is his right to love me, because he is my father. Well, my own father never flattered me in that way.

"*October 20th*.—A dreadful, dreadful thing has happened! My blood runs cold to think of it! What can I do? What shall I do? Oh that there were some one to counsel me! My head throbs so wildly that the sound frightens me; my heart is so heavy it lies like a stone in my bosom! This whole house seems alive with spectres! I cannot turn but I feel cold fingers clutching at my body; distorted images of dead faces dance before my eyes; my ears are filled with despairing shrieks—shrieks of a soul in the last strong agony.

"A week ago, Mr. Eldridge came to me in the tower room, where I was sitting, and told me that he loved me better than anything else on earth. I cannot write his words, they burned me like a torrent of fire. His passion filled me with wild affright; I should have fainted, but terror kept my senses too frightfully acute. He told me that I must be his wife; in horror at such an infamous thought, I cried—

"'You have one wife! Another, and your own still alive!'

"He smiled, a demoniac smile, which makes me shudder even now at recalling it.

"'She is living now,' he exclaimed, 'but in a week she will be dead; and you, Josephine Heathdell, are to fill my arms, as you have long filled my heart! My wife I never loved; I wedded her for her wealth, it is mine, and she has seen fit to become a maniac because I did not redeem my bridal vows and make a pet of her. Now I will endure her no longer. I want a living, breathing, loving wife; one whose heart is pure and tender, and whose brain is not the brain of an idiot. For this need I have trained you up. Think you I would have taken any other man's child to my home and run the risk with it that I have run with you? The chance of discovery in what the law would call crime? But, thank the gods, you have, as yet, been too unsuspecting to fathom all the mysteries of this lonely house. Long may you continue thus! And now, resign yourself to fate, and my love; for mine you shall most assuredly be!'

"He left me, and locked the door behind him. Oh my agony! my wretchedness! My pen is powerless to express the unutterable misery which surged over me! I prayed wildly to God to send a shaft from death's archer—a shaft which should cleave my heart in twain! I could die gladly; but to live, with that horrible future before me! For six days Mr. Eldridge visited me constantly, bringing food, which I left upon the floor untasted. I was determined to die. He held me in my chair, and poured milk down my throat; he said I should not die, but live to become his wife, and to love him. If, at that time, I had had any weapon, I should have killed him; I longed to see him lying dead at my feet; I told him that I would rather hear his death-cries than the harp-notes of an angel! I was wrought up to a pitch of frenzied despair which would have hesitated at nothing that stood between me and freedom.

"This morning Mr. Eldridge entered my room, and taking me by the arm, led me up stairs to the room where his wife was confined, and which has always been called 'The Keep.' He unbolted the door and bade me look within. Mechanically, I obeyed him. The sight which I saw I shall never forget. Mrs. Eldridge was chained to the wall; her long hair floated out white as snow over her shoulders; her great dark eyes—they looked black in the gloom—were red and bloodshot; her lips were covered in foam; she gave me the impression of looking upon a mad dog. Even while she gazed upon me with a fierce scowl, Mr. Eldridge clasped me to his bosom, and pressed a score of fiendish kisses upon my shrinking lips. They seemed to poison my life, for all its sweet waters ran bitter.

"Oh, it was fearful to witness the distraction of that chained woman! She tore her own flesh, and gazed upon the crimson blood which flowed from the self inflicted wounds, with eyes like those of a tiger, when he snuffs the life-current of a victim! My limbs shook beneath me—my pulse ceased—my hands were cold as ice—I believe I should have gone mad myself, if I had been suffered to contemplate that terrible spectacle for another moment; but Mr. Eldridge drew me away and closed the door. I begged to be taken once more to my chamber, but he said no; the exhibition was not yet over. While he spoke two men came slowly up the stairs; I had often seen them there before; and in their hands they bore the tools of a mason. Two others followed them, bringing bricks and mortar; and then—oh God! I was forced, by that devil in human form, to stand and see those men build a solid wall of masonry across the door which shut up the Keep, thereby imprisoning that living woman in a charnel-house from which there was no escape. A fellow-creature, buried alive, in a house tenanted by the living; in a land of Bibles and God-fearing men.

"I begged, I plead, I adjured him by the wrath of the Creator whom he had outraged, to forbear this unparalleled crime! To relent while there was yet time, before his victim's life had gone out, and stamped his brow with the red brand of the murderer! He laughed in my face! Those fiendish workmen joined him; I lost all consciousness, and when I again awoke to a realizing sense of life, I was lying on the bed in the north chamber, which adjoined the crime-stained keep. I was alone, but not alone; the rending shrieks of that doomed woman pierced my soul; her low, fierce curses, poured forth against her atrocious husband, filled me with nameless terror. I tried the door; it was fastened. I ran to the windows; the shutters were securely bolted on the outside. Oh that I could have forced them open; I would have flung myself down the precipice, and welcomed the happy fate.

"It is night, and still that imprisoned maniac lives! I can hear the clanking of her chains, mingled with the oaths and anathemas which flow from her lips. She cannot much longer endure—her voice grows weaker—her cries fainter! Oh God! oh God! what a death! My own brain seems on fire; I too, shall be, ere long, a candidate for her fate!

"*October 30th*.—It is all over! Oh, the fearful significance of those words—*it is all over!* I am his wife! Would that I had laid in my coffin first! His wife, and she, his murdered victim, decaying so very near me! Oh, it is terrible! terrible!

"Yesterday morning, Mr. Eldridge came to this prison-house of mine, and with him was a man in clerical robes. From his appearance I supposed him to be a Roman Catholic priest. I dare not write down an account of the fearful scene through which I was made to pass! I am trying to forget it! My strength is too feeble to recall its horrors; my pen too unsteady to record them. He threatened me with death—aye, with shame and ruin—he tortured me until I became dumb and idiotic with terror. The blasphemous ceremony of marriage was gone through with, he placed a ring on my finger and called me his wife. Then my sense returned. I tore off the circlet, flung it upon the floor, and ground it to powder beneath my heel. I raved until my speech was exhausted, and I sank down weak and powerless at the feet of my conqueror. Then he raised me up and supported me on his bosom.

"*January 10th*, 1784.—Richard Eldridge's wife! I repeat the words to myself and try to realize fully the horrible idea they convey. To speak calmly, and without profanity, I do not believe that hell itself can produce a demon whose crimeful blackness can vie with that of the man who is my husband. The name of his transgressions is legion; his hands are stained with other blood than that of his unfortunate wife, and he seems to take a sort of malicious pleasure in recounting to me his evil deeds. The very sound of his footstep makes me tremble; I experience a sensation of unspeakable disgust whenever he enters my presence, like that one feels toward a slimy toad, or a torpid serpent. I am kept a close prisoner, allowed the liberty of the house, but watched continually by some servant faithful to this terrible master. Oh, if I could only break—like Samson—bolts and bars of iron, how quickly would I flee, and meet death on the bare cold mountains—death a thousand times, rather than this death in life which I am enduring!

"*March 15th*.—Little Carl Eldridge is not left to my care for a moment. His baby smiles would be comfort and cheer to me; but I should make a "milk-sop" of him, his father says. If he would but give that child's training into my hands, I would strive to make him love virtue and shun vice; I would ask God continually to guide and strengthen me; I would thank Him hourly for even this opportunity to redeem my wretched, wasted life, by one good deed.

"I have discovered to-day what I did not know before, that Mr. Eldridge is a full-blooded Spaniard. Thank Heaven that no American blood goes to feed such villany!

"*June 6th*.—I have made yet another discovery. I know now why so many fierce men come to the Grange. Mr. Eldridge is engaged in the manufacture of spurious money. How I learned this does not matter. When I told him of this discovery he laughed brutally, and said that any woman whose heart was not the very abode of innocence, would have guessed as much before. What *can* I do?

"*August 23d*.—A hurricane swept over the mountains last night. How I did pray for one gust, more powerful than the rest, to lay the Grange low, and bring us all beneath the ruins. Sodom and Gomorrah could hardly rival this place for deeds of wickedness. Oh, to see what I have seen! The ruined virtue; the lust; the outraged innocence; the hapless girls, lured to this accursed roof, and then sent to secret graves uncalled.

"They say this house is haunted! Well, if ever a place, through the enormity of crimes perpetrated there, was the haunt of uneasy spirits, then should this Grange share in the ban! I am almost ashamed to confess my own superstitious weakness. I am penetrated with dread whenever I am compelled to approach that part of the building in which the Keep is situated. It seems as if I again saw that livid face, with its great staring eyes and white hair. Again those cries for release ring in my ears.

"*July 29th*, 1786.—A long break in my Journal. I have been ill—ill, it seemed, unto death. But no, my husband's tenacious care care preserved me for more misery. Mr. Eldridge has a strange regard for me; in an honest man it might have won my love. Day after day, night after night, he hung over my couch of suffering; calling on my name and praying to the Virgin Mary, in whom he vests all power, to restore me. There have been celebrated physicians here; careful, quiet nurses; he has dared discovery in his nefarious business—dared it boldly, for my sake. My disease is a nervous one, and for the greater portion of the time I have been in a state midway between rationality and unconsciousness. To-day Mr. Eldridge bore me out on the hills in his arms. He was as tender of me as one would be with a sick babe; he shielded me from every harsh breath of air, and sheltered me from the hot sun by his own shadow. He is a fearful man, and his deep, intense love has something terrifying in it. I dread his hot kisses; they scorch me like the breath of a furnace.

"*October 7th*.—Little Carl is more than three years old. Oh, how long those years have been to me! How often have I wished that a year was but a day in duration, and that the life of man was limited to a score, rather than to threescore and ten. It is wicked and blasphemous to indulge such a thought, but as much suffering is crowded into a day of my life as a whole year of ordinary existence would inflict.

"This morning, a woman, sick and weary, called at the Grange. She was on her way to a relative, who resides far away across the mountains. Martha Fairfield, that is her name, is the widow of a revolutionary soldier, who died a fortnight since from the effect of wounds received while in service; and she, with her infant child, was making her way through this wild country, without money or friends. She is a person of beauty and intelligence, but she is so very ill that I question her about nothing. Her babe takes strangely to me. It is a little dark-eyed boy of four months.

"*October 9th*.—Mrs. Fairfield died this morning. With her last breath she committed her child to my care, and Mr. Eldridge says that he is perfectly willing I should keep it. Its mother thinks it will inherit its father's fiery temper, but I am not afraid of this; I shall only labor the harder to train the boy in such a way that he shall be the master, rather than the slave, of this disposition. Now I have something to love.

"*November 12th*.—There are strangers at the Grange. A party of gentlemen from the eastern portion of the State have been beyond Greenbrier river, in quest of game, and being overtaken by night, they sought the shelter of our house. A storm has kept them here two days longer, and from present appearances they will not be able to get away to-day nor to-morrow. Mr. Eldridge is absent, and I have tried to perform the part of hostess to the best of my ability. I think I have done well, considering how closely I am watched by the servants.

"In one of the gentlemen strangers I feel a strange interest. His face haunts me constantly, waking or sleeping! I wonder if this perpetual thinking of him is not criminal, wedded as I am to another? He is the handsomest, noblest-looking person I ever saw. His name is John Rossmont, and he is a lawyer of Baltimore. He seems to feel a friendly solicitude for my pleasure, and plies me with all manner of questions as to how I manage to pass my time here in this secluded place.

"*November 17th*.—The die is cast. I know now that I love this John Rossmont. But, be silent on this point, faithful friend of mine! keep well my secret! There is something about him which invites your confidence, and inspires you with the wish to trust him to the world's end. I hardly know how he won from me the story of my wrongs, but he knows all. I imparted to him every particular. When I had finished, he asked me, frankly, if I would leave this life, providing the way was open.

"'Leave it!' I cried, 'God knows how joyfully!'

"'Then,' said he, 'to-night you shall go! both you and the little Ralph!'

"He sat down by my side and detailed the plan of escape; it offers a strong chance from its very boldness, and it can but fail. I am troubled, anxious, yet hopeful. Heaven grant that my next entry in this Journal may not be dated at Ridgeton Grange!

"*Bangor, Maine, May 29th*, 1788.—Another long blank, but it has covered days of freedom. I am well and happy. I will write the history of the past two years briefly. On the night of the 17th of November, 1786, I was taken away from Ridgeton Grange by Mr. Rossmont and his party. Ralph went with me; also, Mary Rooke, a white woman, for some years a servant in the house, and who had witnessed my forced marriage. Mr. Rossmont, with a lawyer's foresight, took her away with us, for the sake of her testimony in the projected suit against my husband. The servants resisted our departure, resisted to the death, and two of them were left dead, as proofs of the determination of my rescuers.

"Mr. Rossmont conveyed me to Richmond, where I at once entered a complaint against Richard Eldridge; and petitioned for a divorce. By the advice of Mr. Rossmont, I revealed everything touching this man's villany, save his entombment of his living wife; this horrid fact was not necessary to the success of my case, and I should not wish to doom a fellow-being to the scaffold. My case was entered for trial; officers were sent to the Grange to arrest Eldridge and his associates, but it was too late. The Grange was deserted; the bird had flown. Probably he had expected a disclosure, and effected his escape to some unknown rendezvous. Well, so long as I never set eyes on him again I was satisfied. The decree of divorce was granted me March 14th, 1787, and I was free to go whither I chose. When all was over, Mr. Rossmont offered me his hand in marriage. He had loved me from the first, he said, but he would not confess it until I was possessed of the right to listen to his love. I told him that I would marry him—I had never loved another—but he must take me to some distant part of the country, remote from the haunts of Eldridge; for I knew that this monster would leave no means unturned to wreak upon us the weight of his vengeance. Mr. Rossmont humored me. He disposed of his Southern property, and together we came to this distant State. I have been his wife—his happy, blessed wife, one whole year—one blissful, perfect year. I am happy, entirely happy I should be, but that I fear vaguely the machinations of Richard Eldridge.

"*July 5th*, 1788.—My twentieth birthday! and how long a life has mine been! But I am blest at last. My husband is all that I could wish; noble, kind-hearted, and he loves me with the whole strength of his manhood. Our little Ralph is a handsome child; I love him as devotedly as though he was my own, and John regards him very tenderly. We are a happy family.

"*October 10th*.—God help us! God help us! Our child, the beloved of our hearts, our bright beautiful Ralph, has been stolen. He went out to play in the garden, and cannot be found. He is lost; I tremble, and write the words with an unsteady hand, for I know that it is the work of that diabolical villain who blighted so much of my life. Ralph is either dead or carried away to a course of training which will ruin him bodily and mentally. Oh, until now, I did not know how deeply I loved that child! I did not know how closely every fibre of my nature was woven with his. My husband, with a score of our neighbors, is searching for the lost one—hark! even now I hear their returning footsteps. They bear a burden on their shoulders—good heaven!

"*Same day, later*.—They found him dead, in a little creek which flows back of the garden. He lies before me now, pale and shrouded. I am too calm to weep. I can only look on his lovely face and cry, 'God pity me!' We should have deemed his drowning accidental, but within the folds of his dress, they found, securely pinned, a scrap of paper containing these words—

"'*Weep, Josephine Rossmont; weep the loss of the child whom you loved! Know that Richard Eldridge will leave no stone unturned to wreak fullest vengeance on the wife who fled from him, and turned his idolatry into hatred!*'

"It is all *his* work; I felt it was, from the first!

"*February 2d*, 1789.—I have no heart to write in my Journal. My days are full of mourning for dear little Ralph. I miss his gleeful laugh, his soft caresses. If heaven would only grant me children of my own! and yet I should tremble for them; I should scarcely dare trust them out of my presence. We do not see the enemy, yet we know that he keeps a watchful eye upon us, and at any time the weight of his hatred may fall. My love of my husband is an emotion of tremulous bliss. I fear lest it be snatched from me, and my life be made worse than non-existence. I live in continual fear that Mr. Rossmont and Mr. Eldridge may meet; my husband's temper is by no means lamb-like, and he detests Mr. Eldridge so thoroughly that he might be tempted to commit some crime. God keep them apart!

"*July 8th*.—My husband has decided that my health and spirits would be benefitted by travel, and I repose implicit confidence in his judgment. To-morrow we bid adieu to the North, for the present, and shall make the tour of the Southern States, spending the winter in Florida. I shall have little time for writing during our wanderings, and I only take my Journal with me for safe keeping. Adieu, for a season; adieu, faithful friend.

* * * *

"*November 18th*, 1793.—It has been a long time since I opened the pages of my Journal; and in the lapse of the past three years I have travelled over a large portion of the Western continent. I have enjoyed much, and suffered but little. We have spent two winters in Florida; that beautiful land so aptly called the 'place of flowers.' I think that from being so long rid of Richard Eldridge's persecutions, we have fallen into fancied security in our happiness, but at times a vague fear of that man oppresses me. Sometimes, I think, perhaps he is dead. I hope it is not wicked to feel no grief at such a thought.

"I have not told you of the new sweet joy which has dawned upon me. I have another little boy in place of my lost Ralph. The circumstances are briefly these—

"Martyn and Welburne Sterne were twin brothers, sons of a wealthy man, who died when the boys were twenty years of age, leaving them to share equally in his property. In everything which he undertook, Martyn Sterne succeeded admirably, but ill-fortune constantly pursued his brother, Welburne. Martyn married a proud, haughty belle; Welburne's wife was a gentle, blue-eyed girl, the child of humble, though respectable parents. Two years ago Welburne Sterne died of quick consumption, brought on by over exertion to save the remnant of his property from the hands of his merciless encorsers; and six months after his death his pale-faced, sorrowing wife followed him to the better land. She left behind her an infant whose eyes she had scarcely looked within, whose baby brow had been pressed only by her dying lips. This child Martyn Sterne took home with him, much to the disgust of his wife; and, as may well be supposed, the little nephew received no large share of the arrogant woman's attention. Not long ago, I became acquainted with the Sterne family, whose fine old country-seat is situated not far from our pleasant lodging; and this neglected child won my heart at once. I begged to be allowed to adopt it as my own, and Mr. Rossmont, kindly indulgent to all my fancies, (God bless him!) gave me permission to do as I chose. I immediately spoke to Mrs. Sterne on the subject, and found her glad to relinquish the care of the child. Mr. Sterne offered some objections, but these were overruled by his wife; and Morton Sterne—so the child was called—is an inmate of our home. I have named him Ralph, for my dead boy; and in his warm love I have found much comfort. Ralph is a bright, active fellow, impetuous and self-willed, but generous and noble.

"*February 6th*, 1794.—I am a mother! The bliss of maternity surges through my bosom; I am a new creature! The mother of a rosy, blue-eyed boy! Three weeks have I held him in my arms, and called him mine! "A child is from the Lord!" His gracious kindness be thanked! We have christened him William, and Ralph is perfectly delighted with his new brother. Life is not so drear after all; and earth is beautiful to the happy-hearted.

* * * *

"*August 28th*, 1795.—My family cares occupy so much of my time, that I scarcely take up a pen now. My husband and my children! My world—my blessed world—in which I am so well-content! We are to go North this fall; the physicians say that now my health is fully re-established, and that a Northern climate will be better for me than this enervating Southern air. Well, I think I shall greatly enjoy the white snows, and ice showers of dear chill New England, once more. The sweet days of my first communion with my husband, in the relation of wife, were spent there; and the name has a joyful significance to my ear. We are to settle down, permanently now, John says.

"*March 17th*, 1796.—Ah, me! trials are never to cease. We came North early in January, and took a pretty cottage in Portland, which we hoped to render a quiet home, in which our old age might be passed. But, this afternoon, while I was sitting alone with the children, my husband having gone out to attend to some business, Richard Eldridge entered the room. I knew him through all the disguise he had assumed, and I thought I should have died of terror. His language was frightful; I cannot repeat it, word for word, but he poured forth a terrible threat of vengeance against me and mine; and before I could scream, or cry out, he was gone. John has sent officers upon his track; should they find him, they will arrest him for the murder of his first wife. For my own safety, I have felt constrained to tell the tale.

"*March 20th*.—All efforts at capturing the villain Eldridge have been of no avail. I am in an agony. Every moment that I remain here is replete with danger. Eldridge has accomplices, faithful and numerous; his wrath will hesitate at nothing. I do not fear so much for myself, as for my precious children. I have plead with John, to induce him to remove us to some remote, secluded spot, where the foot of man has not disturbed. To pacify me, he has consented to make one more change. We are to go to the White Mountains, in New Hampshire—a place where our enemy would hardly look for us. Mr. Rossmont does this for my sake. He declares that, for himself, he would be glad to meet Richard Eldridge face to face; that should such a meeting occur, it should not terminate until one or the other had tasted death. It makes me shudder to hear my husband talk in this way; and I hide my head in his bosom, that I may not see the fierce glaring of his eyes. I dread something terrible—I know not what. Oh! God protect my husband and children.

"*Cliff Rock, near 'the Giant's Stairs,' April 30th*.—We came to this isolated spot some days ago. My husband has purchased a lot of ground on the side of a mountain, and there he has erected the log house in which I am writing. He says it is a poor place to bring a beloved wife to; but he does not think that my love for him makes any home, with his presence to bless, a paradise. Here I hope to pass my life in peace—safe from the ken of that villain Eldridge. Yet, why should I hope? He will manage to find us out, and then——. But I *will not* give way to these fears! I will be brave and hopeful!

"*June 16th*.—I have passed some very pleasant days here, on these grand, gloomy old mountains. Just the kind of existence which I like, when I can have my husband and children all to myself, and no fear of intrusion. A thousand times a day I thank God for the noble, true heart he has given me to lean upon, and in which all my troubles can find rest. It is a glorious thing to know, that out of all the world there is one being to whom you are as necessary as air to the breath, and sleep to the eyelids. One whose love for you is deeper than the depths of the fathomless sea; broader than the breadth of the illimitable universe; higher than the cliffs of sky, which stretch away, pure and clear, unto Heaven!

"*June 29th*.—Is it well to believe in omens? Is there such a thing as being forewarned of coming evil? Perhaps not; and yet, for all that learned men say of the folly of superstition, I cannot rid myself of the incubus. It has been a horrid, strange sort of a day. Great brassy clouds, seemingly charged with electricity, hung around the horizon, a veil of gray smoke obscured the sun, the wind died out, and an ominous calm fell upon the earth. Languored by the sultry air, I went to the door of our cottage, and sat down on the rude step. Ralph reclined on the grass at my feet, Willie lay in my lap. Suddenly, from the top of a tall hemlock, there swooped down a strange bird, with plumage black as night. Uttering a wild, hoarse croak, it alighted on a cedar bush, not a yard from me, and there, mute and melancholy, it sat and gazed into my face with its bright fearful eyes, until chilled and stricken, I raised my voice, and strove to drive it away. It heeded not my gestures, but remained motionless, with those weird eyes never wavering. Mr. Rossmont came up the mountain-path, and at sight of him, it gave vent to another cry, and flew away. I crept into John's arms, weak and trembling, and asked him to tell me the name of that strange bird. He said it was an American raven. What could it want here? Why should it leave its mates, and its forest nest, to trouble me? Enough! enough! I am supremely foolish. For John's sake I will be cheerful.

"*July 5th*, 1796.—My twenty-eighth birthday; *and my last of earth!* I am fully assured that ere the rising of another sun, the female babe which they have just laid in my arms will be motherless! Supported in bed by my husband, I summon strength to pen these lines, that the record of my life may be complete. Near noon to-day, Richard Eldridge came to this spot, and he and John met. I heard their high voices from the house, and fearing for my husband, I ran down to the rye-field, where they were. Mr. Eldridge was demanding his wife; Mr. Rossmont stood firm and erect, but without replying to the torrent of oaths and curses which flowed from Eldridge's lips. At sight of me, the demon's wrath seemed to culminate, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and shouting—

"'Die, vile seducer! and leave Josephine for me only!' he drew the trigger. The ball just grazed Mr. Rossmont's cheek. Infuriated by his failure, Eldridge produced a second weapon, but before he could take aim, my husband seized his rifle, which rested on a stone near him, and discharged it. I heard the report, accompanied by a horrid oath; I saw Mr. Eldridge fall, and then I knew no more.

"My child was born alive. They tell me it is a girl, as I had expected. I wish that I could write volumes, that her eye might read in coming days; volumes of counsel which my tongue can never speak to her. But my sight grows dim—my hand trembles—my life is ebbing away. God bless you, my daughter, now and forever! God bless you! Amen!"

The Journal abruptly terminated here; and Margaret knew that the hand of death had stopped the recording pen. Her eyes wet with tears for the dead, the girl looked around her. The night was almost done; day smiled red in the east; the winds began to stir the leaves of the tall tree which shaded her window. The dawn had come.

She turned to the paper written by her father. It contained much that touched and interested her deeply; but as it was only a detail of what the reader already knows, we will not write it out. It gave Margaret a deeper, broader view of her father's heart; it showed her how well he had loved her mother; how impatiently he had awaited the time when he should hear the call of the ferryman, enter the boat with white sails, and float to the other side of the river.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONFESSION.

"There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
E'en to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence." SHAKSPEARE.

Until long after sunrise Margaret sat and pondered. Many things, before dark to her, were now clear as noon-day. She knew why her childhood had been confined to that lonely mountain—why her father had chosen such a desolate spot for a dwelling-place. She knew, also, that his stern grief for the past was an expiation of his rashness in putting an end to the life of his persevering enemy.

Very readily she concluded that Carl Anderson was the son of Richard Eldridge, and that, perhaps, the father had sworn the son to accomplish that vengeance on the family of his second wife, which he, himself, had failed to secure.

After she had read the papers to William, she enclosed them in an envelope and sent them by a private carrier to Ralph, at Washington.

Margaret was sensibly depressed in spirits; the remembrance of her mother's sorrows saddened her; she deeply and painfully regretted that Ralph was not her brother by blood. But accustomed from her youth up, to cast her trouble on the Great Helper, she went humbly to Him, and found peace.

One evening Clyde brought in a letter for Margaret, which had been handed him by the postman. These were its contents—

"Margaret Rossmont, a dying man implores your presence at his bedside. He has much to confess; much that he must have forgiven, before he can die content. Do not refuse; but hasten to grant this last request of a fellow-mortal."

The name of a certain street, and a number, headed the note; Margaret repeated it to herself, and rising, said aloud—

"Yes, I will go immediately."

Clyde Effingham came out from the shadow of the window where he had been standing, and took the paper from her unresisting hand. He swept one glance over it; then, he said—

"I will accompany you."

"Thank you, but I will not trouble you. You are engaged at Mrs. Harrington's party, this evening, are you not?"

"Yes, but that does not signify. You shall answer no more mysterious messages alone!"

She said no more; in truth, she was glad of his company and protection. It was but a short distance to L—— street, and five minutes walk brought them to the house mentioned in the summons. Margaret gave her name, and was instantly admitted. She would have left Clyde in the outer room, but he held her hand firmly in his, and led her into the chamber of the dying.

"You have come, then?" moaned a faint voice, "thank you! oh thank you for that!"

"Good heaven!" cried Margaret, "it is Carl Anderson!"

"Yes, Carl Anderson, who cannot go before his Judge until he has confessed his sins, and obtained the pardon of one whom he has deeply injured. Can I not speak with you alone, Margaret? Will not your friend go out and leave us together?"

"No," answered Clyde, firmly, "not if twenty dying men made the request! You have deceived and injured this lady enough. Say what you have to say in my presence!"

"I must speak, though the whole world were listening!"

Anderson paused to collect his strength, and then spoke disconnectedly, and with evident pain, as follows—

"My name is not Carl Anderson, but Charles Eldridge. I was born at Ridgeton Grange, in Western Virginia. My childhood was a fearful one, passed with my father, and in the society of fierce men, who could not speak without an oath. When I was but a mere boy, my father told me that I must hate all who bore the name of Rossmont, because one of that ilk had done him a great wrong. When I was about fourteen years of age, my father (who had led a sort of wandering life for some time) took me to New Hampshire, and showed me a hut on the mountains, where, he said, his enemy resided. He told me that he was going to that man to demand restitution for the wrong done him; and if he never returned to me, he made me swear that I would avenge him, by bringing sorrow and ruin on John Rossmont and his family. I was left at the hut of a settler near the foot of the mountain, and when my father had been gone something more than a week, I saw his dead body lying out on the hills, as it was prepared for burial. He had been shot, the mountaineers said. I burned to avenge his death; but I was a boy then; my hatred would keep; I would wait. Years afterwards I came to the mountain regions, and took up my abode, with a housekeeper after mine own heart. I sought the acquaintance of your brother, Ralph. I got invited to your house. I saw you, Margaret, and in spite of my vow to my father, to hate all the race, I loved you. I strove to make you mine, with what success you already know. I employed the Indian woman to decoy you to my house; I paid her for burning your home, that you might the more easily fall into my hands. But heaven raised you up friends, and again I was foiled. I caused your brothers to be taken away in an English ship; I wrote the advertisement which lured you to Ridgeton Grange. That was a fearful place for you, Margaret; I was glad that you attributed the sounds which disturbed the night silence to supernatural causes. The Grange, while you were there, was the den of a notorious gang of gamblers; and the cry of murder which you heard one night was not the wail of a ghost, but the veritable death-shriek of a black-dyed villain whose life I dashed out. Well, one night I entered your chamber, and your dog nearly did for me. I bear the marks of his teeth yet. But it is growing very dark, Margaret—say that you pardon me—all my sins against you—all that I have made you suffer!"

"I do forgive you, fully and freely, as I, myself, hope to be forgiven," she said, solemnly.

A grateful smile stole over the gray features of the dying man; he spoke again—

"A week ago, the Grange was burned to the ground. How it was fired no one can tell, but with all its horrible secrets, it lies in ashes."

"Heaven be thanked!" cried Margaret, earnestly.

"And now," continued the sick man, "lay your hand on my forehead; you will not refuse to let it rest there, once, now that I am doing! Margaret, I loved you with the whole strength of my wild, half-savage nature! I would have died to have felt the bliss of hearing your voice confess that I had not loved in vain. Your hand upon my head, Margaret, it will ease the sting of death!"

She smoothed back the damp hair from his brow and let her hand rest there. He turned painfully on his pillow and kissed the sleeve of her dress. She remained beside him—he lay so still that she thought he slept. Clyde drew her gently from the room.

"Let us go, Margaret," he said; "your persecutor has passed into the hands of a just God!"

CHAPTER XX.

UNTO THE DAWN.

"Henceforth he loved as heart can love,
Or brain devise, or hand approve."
BROWNING.

The first stage from Washington brought Ralph Rossmont to Richmond. He met Margaret with more than his usual warmth, and held her a longer time to his bosom.

"So, after all, you are not my sister, Margaret!" he exclaimed, when the first greeting was over.

"No, dear Ralph, not your sister by blood, but by affection."

"I hope not, Margaret; I do not want the love of a sister from you!" He looked into her face with eyes whose expression puzzled her; she could not account for the strange gladness which ran through the cadence of his voice.

"Ralph," she said, reproachfully, "I had not expected this of you." There were tears on her cheek. He kissed them away.

"Margaret, I am glad that you are not my sister; the happiest days I have ever known have been those which have passed since I have known this. In those days I have lived a perfect life—it was so full of blissful hope! Do you not remember that in the olden days I was jealous of William's love for you?—that I could hardly endure to see you bestow upon him a single caress? I thought this feeling strange, then; now I do not wonder. On the field of battle, Margaret, when a deadly weapon was aimed at William's breast, I stepped between it and him, and the bullet struck me just over the heart. Would you see what preserved my life, Margaret?"

He drew from his bosom a heavy golden locket, bruised as by a blow, and opening it displayed a tress of soft brown hair.

"It is your hair, Margaret; you gave it to me when I fled from your side to escape the law which you thought would punish me for my attempt on that scoundrel's life! It has lain next my heart ever since. And, now, I do not want the calm affection of a sister from you, but that other, deeper love which could make my life so full of glory! I want you to be to me all that a wife can be—the very spirit of my spirit—the missing half of my existence which my heart has so long yearned for! Speak, Margaret, can you become this?"

She clung to his arm, but his words brought anguish rather than joy.

"Speak, Margaret; can you be what I ask?" His frame trembled, but his voice was steady.

"I cannot! I cannot, Ralph! It is impossible!"

"And why impossible?"—his fiery passion burned in his eyes and quivered in the fingers which clasped hers.

"I love you tenderly and truly, Ralph; but not as I could love the man who, before God, I would accept for my husband!"

"Not as you *could* love, you say. How can you speak thus without having had experience? Be frank with me, dearest Margaret; I love you well enough to give up even my life for your happiness!"

"I love another." She spoke the words so faintly that he scarcely distinguished their import; her face buried on his shoulder. "God help me—I love another!"

"And why 'God help you,' Margaret?"

"I have given this love unsought. But see, I am not a slave to it!" She sprang up from his side, and flung back the hair from her face, which wore a cold sternness entirely foreign to her usual sweetness of expression. Ralph drew her back to her seat.

"Hearing this confession, I have no more to urge. I would not make you mine though you should consent. I could not live, Margaret, day by day in your presence, if I knew one thought of yours belonged to another! I can guess the name of this man—I will not pain you to speak it. God be thanked! I love you well enough to give you up, when I know that it will be for your happiness—and, bye and bye, there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage. I will wait."

"Oh, Ralph! Ralph!" she cried, bitterly; "cease! such words rend my heart!"

"My dearest Margaret!" he kissed her forehead tenderly, "I am going away for a season; after a time I shall have conquered this, and then I will return to be your brother as of old. William will care for and protect you; you will have friends around you who will more than compensate for the absence of your unworthy Ralph. Come close into my arms, Margaret, and kiss one good-bye!"

Her arms clasped his neck; her cheek rested against his. It was so hard to give up thus one whom she had loved so long and tenderly.

"God bless you, Margaret!" he said, brokenly—"God bless and keep you!" A hot tear fell on her face—a tear wrung from the depths of his strong, stern manhood. She looked up to catch one parting glimpse of his face—but she was alone.

Forty-eight hours later Ralph Rossmont was on his way to Europe.

* * * * *

Margaret's quiet had received a shock by Ralph's declaration and sudden departure; and for days the old gloom held dominion over her. With his characteristic generosity, Ralph had left directions that his pay as an officer should be delivered quarterly to his sister, Margaret Rossmont; but when she received the first instalment she invested it in safe stocks in Ralph's name. When the first pang of distress had passed, she felt the necessity of active labor—constant employment would give her no time for painful reflections. She spoke to William, and Mr. Wheaton, about the propriety of establishing a little school for private scholars. Both objected to anything of the kind, and Adelaide was positively displeased that Margaret should think of again leaving her house. But Margaret quietly and firmly overruled all objections and gained her point.

Mrs. Harrington, secure of Clyde Effingham's attachment, called on Margaret at an early day, and promised her that her influence should be exerted to the utmost among her friends to extend her school. Mrs. Harrington professed herself charmed with Margaret's plan, and tapping Mr. Effingham with her fan, inquired if he did not consider Miss Rossmont perfectly right in wishing to support herself.

Mr. Effingham, thus appealed to, replied that of course he would not have the presumption to differ with so lovely a champion—Mrs. Harrington must be correct in that, as in everything else. Miss Rossmont must have a school. It was highly necessary.

He said this in such a cool—almost contemptuous way—that the tears sprang to Margaret's eyes, and she left the room in haste. Mrs. Harrington looked after her and ejaculated, "What shocking indelicacy!"

And Clyde Effingham did a very ungentlemanly thing—he whistled.

The next morning Margaret, shawled and hooded, came into the sitting-room where Clyde and his sister were, and said that she was going out to see how many pupils she could obtain, and should not, probably, return to dinner. Adelaide started up to accompany her, but Margaret said No—she preferred to go alone. It would give her confidence. It was a cool morning, and the girl's throat was bare. Adelaide suggested her scarf, and Adelaide left the room to get it.

Clyde said he believed he would go to the library and look over the last Gazette, and left the room also. In the hall he overtook Margaret. He opened the door of the library and said—

"This way a moment, Margaret; I wish to speak with you."

"Well, sir?"

"Sit down. I cannot talk while you stand there so stiff and statue-like." He drew the *tete-a-tete* to the fire, seated her on it, and took the place by her side:

"So you are determined on having a school?"

"Yes, sir; I think I am."

"And you want twenty-five or thirty pupils, I suppose?"

"That would be a moderate number."

"Margaret," he leaned over her and took her hand, "I have seemed indifferent about this school affair, because I wanted to engage you to teach one of my own projecting."

"Of yours, Mr. Effingham! Pray, who are your scholars?"

"Myself, only, Margaret!"

She looked up at him with eyes full of amazement.

"Are you not wandering, Mr. Effingham?"

"No, little Margaret, I am perfectly sane. I want you to teach me to be a better man—truer to myself, to my fellow man, and to my God! I have waited a long time to tell you this—a time of agonizing suspense to me. Shall I tell you why I have waited?"

She did not speak; her eyes rested on the carpet at her feet. She did not comprehend him.

"Sit close to me, Margaret," his arm encircled her waist; "I can tell the story better. Nay, be quiet; there is no harm in sitting by my side, Margaret. To begin at the beginning. When I first saw you in the church beside my sister, my heart owned its allegiance. My election was made—I loved you. I said to myself, 'That girl shall be my wife, or I will never call woman by that name!' I saw more of you; you were unhappy. Your friends had died—your brothers were in the wars. I longed to take you to my heart and offer you rest and comfort, but my reason said no. She might, from gratitude to your proposal, accept it, and still not love you. So I delayed. An old friend came; you loved him—a false woman tempted him away. Heaven only knows how I hated that lover of yours! When Isabel Monroe caused you the suffering that she did, I vowed that if ever circumstances brought me in contact with her, I would make her endure all the pangs and tortures of a slighted love. It has been done. Last night, in an agony of love and despair, she confessed her passion for me and asked me to make her mine. I told her, calmly, that I had always thought I would not marry without love, and, consequently, I must decline her very flattering offer."

Margaret shrank away from him.

"Oh! Mr. Effingham, how *could* you do this?"

"You are shocked with me, little Margaret?" He removed the hood from her head and smoothed back the silken hair from her forehead, while his deep blue eyes dwelt tenderly on her face. "I am not a perfect character, as you must already know, and the temptation to avenge you was too strong to be resisted. When you left Elmwood Villa so suddenly, I suffered all the agonies that a bitter disappointment can inflict. For weeks and months I scoured the country in search of you; I sent out emissaries far and near, but their efforts were vain. No trace of my precious Margaret did they find. One day I discovered that newspaper tucked beneath your pillow. I thought that I had seen, kissed, and wept over, every article in your chamber before; but this newspaper I had failed to discover. I unfolded it; the first article that met my eye was the advertisement for a governess. It struck home conviction. I set forth with eager haste for Adelaide's Southern home, determined to inform her of my suspicions, and afterwards to proceed to Ridgeton Grange and bring you back in spite of yourself. At Norfolk I met your brothers, and leaving them with my sister, I volunteered to find you and restore you to them. Providence favored me, as you already know. Oh! Margaret, you cannot know the struggle I had through that night ride to keep back the confession which trembled momentarily on my tongue. But I put my foot upon passion, and said, 'No! Margaret is in some kind of trouble. I will not take advantage of it. I will wait until she is surrounded by friends who love her, and happiness, calm and pure, takes possession of her being.' You met your brothers with rapture, you had then no need of other love. They sent you to school. I said, 'It is well; Margaret is young; it would be wrong to restrain her freedom by any word of mine.' Latterly, I have been cold and indifferent; forgive me for it, darling! cold and indifferent to try you. I wanted to know if I was to be made the happiest of men, or if I should prepare to forsake my native land—banished by Margaret. Look up, and tell me my fate!"

His eyes sought her face, she was weeping softly. He drew her head to his bosom, and pressed his lips to the bright hair which shaded her cheek.

"Is my Margaret happy?"

"Yes, Clyde; very happy."

Adelaide Wheaton waited dinner for Clyde—the bell rang thrice before he answered the summons, and then Margaret, blushing and trembling, her hand clasped in his, came with him. Adelaide's womanly intuition guessed all, but she hastened to ask Clyde if the Gazette had proved interesting.

"Yes, more than commonly so," he replied.

Adelaide smiled archly. "And you, Maggie, dear, how many scholars are you to have?"

"Only one," returned Clyde, "and that one is your unworthy brother. In two weeks, Adelaide, God willing, Margaret Rossmont will be your sister!"

Adelaide clasped the blushing girl in her arms; Mr. Wheaton kissed her cheek with brotherly familiarity; William Rossmont wrung the hand of Mr. Effingham; little Percy, who had lately been to a political celebration, with his father, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Tree cheers for Aunty Marg'rit and Uncle Clyde!" and old Tiger, seeing the general manifestations, sprang up from his warm nest on the rug, and barked loudly.

* * * * *

A few more words of the characters which have figured in this story, and you and I, dear reader, part company, for the present.

Ralph Rossmont remained abroad nine years, during which he graduated at a German University, and became celebrated as a wise and learned man. At the end of that time he returned to America—returned to a princely fortune. His haughty uncle, Martyn Sterne, had died without children, and without a will; his aunt had long slept in the tomb, and consequently, as next of blood, Ralph came into possession of his wealth. But he did not assume his rightful name of Morton Sterne; he preferred, he said, the name his adopted mother had given him.

When Margaret was the mother of three rosy-cheeked children, and silver threads had began to gather in the brown of her tresses, Ralph Rossmont, the distinguished Senator from the State where he now resided, visited her in the beautiful New England home where her treasures of love were gathesed.

Mr. Rossmont's manners were calm and dignified, as became his high station; but the old love had never died, for he took no woman to lie upon his heart.

William Rossmont married a fair daughter of Virginia, and became a well-known and prosperous importer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton lived in full content, their strong affections meeting and centering around their noble son, Percy.

Another character, which of late we have sadly neglected—Fearnaught Joe.

This worthy did not arrive at the honors of a general; but he received a liberal pension, which he declares is "enuff sight more profitable than the eperletts," in which, no doubt, every one will agree with him. A handsome cottage in New Hampshire was the home of Joe and his buxom wife; and when Marg'rit's children were fine boys and girls, they went often of an evening to sit at the old hunter's knee and listen to his tales of their mother's childhood.

Clyde and Margaret, united in heart as in destiny, passed on together in sweet content—passed on unto the dawn.

Their home was one of peace and happiness, where meek religion kept her robes unspotted; and charity sat at the fireside a constant and abiding guest.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, May 8, 1861.

ANOTHER MODEST REQUEST.

The Governor of Kentucky has made a very modest demand on President Lincoln. He proposes to maintain an "armed neutrality," to allow no Southern troops to pass up North, if the President will only be satisfied that he should, at the same time, prohibit all passage of troops South, and, of course, not require him to furnish the Kentucky quota of troops and expenses. There are one or two slight objections to this. In the first place, it is not quite so friendly to the United States government as that of the British provinces of North America, which, from kindly feelings to our Government, simply as a neighbor, has furnished our troops, if reports are to be believed, with eighty thousand stand of arms, without even a request, to assist in putting down this unnatural rebellion, and aid in keeping the peace. Had Kentucky been an independent government, such a proposition would have been unneighborly and unkind.

But the Governor of Kentucky was legally obliged to swear to "support the Constitution of the United States," and every member of the Legislature and every public officer the same. An armed neutrality in view of such an oath is not "support," but it is unmitigated treason and perjury.

There are several things which make this matter worse the more it is looked into. It is all one-sided. It so happens that the Ohio river belongs to Kentucky, to such an extent that this agreement, if seriously entertained, would prohibit our transporting troops up or down the river by steamboats. It would prevent all water communication between the forces concentrated at Cairo for the protection of the Mississippi and the army of the East. Pittsburg and Cincinnati would not be able to send a gun, or gunpowder, or any warlike stores to support our brave troops at the West. Upon the whole, a more unfriendly proposition was never made, or one so unfair.

The selfishness of it is conspicuous on all sides. Kentucky has seven hundred thousand whites, and two hundred thousand slaves to guard. Ohio, on the other side the river, has almost two millions of whites and no negroes to guard. It has railroads and wealth, and intellectual and moral superiority, so that the real strength of Ohio is in a military point of view about four to one in relation to Kentucky. No wonder, then, that the Governor proposes to say "if you will not hit me, I will not hit you." Indiana and Illinois contain a population of three millions more, and for the sake of the valuable forbearance of Kentucky in being simply neutral, and not rising to cut all our throats with her population of seven hundred thousand, five millions of the most powerful men on earth for this war are to be paralyzed and kept from moving across Kentucky, or down or up the Mississippi, or support their flag at the Capital of their country.

What are we to get in return? Security from molestation from Tennessee, and Alabama and Mississippi. No man ever dreamed of any danger from those quarters, and if there were, it would be simply by coming up the Mississippi, which this arrangement would not avert. A more treacherous and traitorous proposition was never made to a Government, one more insulting or deserving of greater contempt. It is quite clear that the propositions both of Kentucky and Maryland came from one source. They are artfully worded both of them, and have been specious enough to deceive the citizens of these border States by flattering their supposed importance, that they were to be arbitrators instead of supporting the government heartily as good citizens should.

It would seem impossible to persons of common sense that even these Governors should really have supposed such an absurd proposition could have been listened to, but they have chosen this as a sort of ground on which they could get the Union men of these border States to be united with the secessionists, and thus get them all committed to treason together without knowing it. This has been successful with Maryland. The only way to prevent it from being equally so with Kentucky, is by causing her distinctly to understand that her only plan of security is to keep down the secessionists within herself and from marching through her territory, and exhibiting the utmost friendliness and allegiance to the United States Government as to the passage of troops. If she does this, she will be fully protected with her slaves and her Constitution just as it is. If she does not, she makes war upon the only lawful protector, and must take the consequences that are certain to overwhelm her and all other enemies of the government before this struggle is over.

GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPHS.

During the late disturbance at the city of Baltimore, the Capital of the nation was cut off not only from the people but the government. No information could be secured by the President, and none transmitted for some days from the Capital to General Wool or Governor Curtin. We doubt if a more effectual service could be rendered to the government at this moment than the formation of volunteer bodies of reliable men to be mustered into the service of the United States, as a special telegraph corps to lay wires and keep open communication by telegraph by all means, whether of force or of skill and concealment. Along lines of open military communication a small force, comparatively speaking, could guard against sudden surprise or chastise it with rifles of long range and repair all damage to the line. Ten men to a mile, and in many cases four would be ample. These would want, of course, insulated wire, rolled on reels like those used for the hose of the fire companies, and capable, therefore, of being taken up and put down with great rapidity.

In many cases the wires could be laid along the bottoms of rivers and bays, and so be rendered secure from molestation. In other cases various forms of ingenuity might be advisable to conceal the line, and in difficult cases, two or more different lines might be used. Such companies, well formed, would be of immense service, and save all the cost of them each day of active operations in a hundred ways. If laid down in the night and cut the next morning, tidings of the greatest value might and would be communicated.

The Emperor Napoleon has a corps of this kind with each division of every army, especially when going into battle, and thus brings up his relays of troops as wanted. In the present condition of things, Governor Curtin would do well to keep up a continual communication with all the Pennsylvania troops to the extreme border of the State such camps as those at Havre-de-Grace and at Chamhersburg. Every mile of telegraph saves time, even though it should not reach clear through. But, with practice, a body of men would find the means of keeping up communication, even where the lines were seemingly, to the enemy, broken up or destroyed, or they would, by faithful messengers, convey important messages between the broken points. The events of the last few days have shown to the country the importance of vigorous movements in this direction. We are not sure but that some of the presses will be inclined to try and get such lines, if certain it would not injure the Government in some way.

At times it may be of the utmost importance to be able to telegraph for supplies of men and arms from the seat of Government, or to announce an attack defeated, or succors required at any hazard. To know that there was the possibility of such communication would, in the absence of it, give a feeling of security. And here, perhaps, it may be proper to remark, that not a single bulletin has yet been issued by the Government in any form. We respect the motives which induce the Government to keep its own counsels where the publication of them might be injurious to the public service. But an official communication of such news as might relieve the public anxieties, without being prejudicial to the country, would do vast good, correct false and injurious rumors, and support the hearts of all. Napoleon I always did this. There are now many large capitalists who freely offered their money to the Government, and for such to be subjected to all the tricks of the bears and bulls without anything authentic to support them, if long continued, will be found injurious. We want a strong government, but strong to protect all possible interests as well as itself. Indeed thus it best protects itself.

A CHANGE IN THE PROGRAMME.

A few weeks ago, the burthen of the Southern rebels' speeches was that Washington was to be immediately assailed, Lincoln to be driven out, Davis to be inaugurated, and then the Northern States, in their devotion to trade and the absence of any patriotic impulses, would cease any hostile demonstration, and the Confederate aristocracy would be established and all go on smoothly and happily. Now the tune is changed. The uprising in the North has awakened the Confederate rebels from their dreams of easy conquest, and they begin to see that the infamous attempt which they are making against the liberties of thirty millions of freemen is likely to overwhelm them in ruin. They now fear an attack themselves, and are trying to concentrate a force at Richmond to resist it. They are disappointed and disgusted with the people of the North, who show so ready a disposition to sustain the laws, and so united a front against rebellion. This is not the last of their disappointments and astonishments. They have stolen the property of the nation, fired upon its soldiers, showed their prowess in seizing upon empty forts and full mints, and all the time taunted the loyal citizens of the country with their want of spirit to resist such outrages. Now they are about to experience that the patience which could calmly endure such wrongs could also be united with the spirit which would redress them, when lawful authority should give the sanction. They begin to bear the thunder of the advancing storm, and to realize the extent of the power they have roused into action. Now, instead of dreaming of conquest, they are preparing to escape annihilation. They have discovered how empty have been their boasts and how mistaken their calculations. Their insolence will be punished with humiliation, their expected victories with defeat. "Pride goeth before destruction; a haughty spirit before a fall."

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The day after the capture of Fort Sumter, Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, preached what the papers called a Union sermon. A gentleman present, however, declares that he called upon the people of Baltimore "to rise and take the arms out of the hands of an imbecile government, and so keep the peace by preventing them from attacking the South." This same gentleman put himself at the head of the Young Men's Christian Association, and called on the President, after the mob at Baltimore had murdered and maltreated Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops, to impress upon him the importance of keeping the peace, recognizing Southern independence, and above all, not ordering any more troops to pass through Maryland.

Of course, if that is Unionism in Maryland, it is the worst sort of rebellion elsewhere. The intolerable arrogance and conceit that could induce such a man so to preach and so to present himself before the President, would be inconceivable, had he not been a South Carolinian by birth, and just returned from his native State, where he has a large estate which is said to have been stripped of fifteen thousand dollars by tax to sustain the insurrection.

There is no doubt that many of the best men in Maryland have been caught in a secession trap who could not have been brought otherwise into any affinity with it. We presume there can be no doubt what the duty of every good citizen of the State is at this moment. It is to facilite the passage of troops at the call of the President to support the Constitution. That is the only possible way now to keep the peace by putting down a civil war, which will overthrow the entire South, unless they at once take refuge under the Constitution. If Maryland should prove treacherous to her oath to support the Constitution by any deliberate and State act, she will make herself the battle ground of the Union, and the whole Northern army, like bees, will swarm upon her territory; she will have outlawed herself, and will have to take such consequences as no State has ever yet conceived. It is the small States like Maryland that obtain the most obvious and direct protection from the Constitution, and if she forfeit that, what is to save her from the most dreadful ruin?

We have no doubt that Dr. Fuller and the Young Men's Christian Association really thought, in their utter ignorance of the North, what it could do and what it would, that they were advocating very peaceful and proper principles. Yet so monstrous a prostitution of Christian principles and of the oaths of so many "to support the constitution," would make it proper that the Young Men's Christian Associations of other cities should take some notice of this deputation, and not only renounce all fellowship with such treachery, but extend their organization among the young men of the army of volunteers, and do their best to exhibit the duties of Christian patriotism. Vast numbers of their most active and best men have already gone to fight for the Constitution, and so do the best to keep the peace of the country by presenting an overwhelming force to the enemy.

But it is their duty to seek and to call for men of the highest character to assist those who have gone and those in the army who may join their ranks and those of their country together. These men can support each other in camp, keep up good morals, and circulate such works as the life of General Havelock. They have given their tent for the shelter of the soldiers. Let them appoint committees and make arrangements to send out and support the proofs of a true Christian patriotism, and do their noble work of good among the defenders of their country in the field.

HINTS TO SOLDIERS.

Many volunteers recruited for the war, are unaccustomed to the use of the gun, a decided disadvantage when it is remembered that every Southerner not only learns at an early age to handle a gun properly, in order to be prepared for any insurrection among the slaves, but is also an excellent shot, acquired by hunting after game, of which they are all fond, and all practice. The best riflemen in the world are probably from Tennessee and Kentucky. An early knowledge among our recruits of a skillful handling of the gun is desirable, and, therefore, they should be trained to that and to shooting at a target. At West Point, the Scientific American says, the cadets train to shoot daily, firing ten shots in squads of ten, at as many iron targets, the size and form of a man. Each squad is arranged in line, so that each cadet fires at his own target, which has his name painted upon it. Some men learn to shoot accurately almost as soon as the gun is placed in their hands. Others never learn. In learning to shoot with a rifle, a person should strive to acquire a steady, cool demeanor, with a true quick eye, and nimble finger. Practice, and nothing but practice, can make a good marksman. The man who dodges before he fires will never make a marksman.

The first thing necessary for a soldier is a trusty rifle. It should be easily and conveniently charged, and its fire should be certain and effective. It should be capable of destroying an enemy at the distance of 1200 yards with its bullet, and it should be effective in hand-to-hand combat with a sword or bayonet attached to it. A soldier should, therefore, know what his rifle can do, and what he can do with it, at certain distances. If he is ignorant of these let him be taught before sending him to fight. At the battle of Cherubusco, in Mexico, 125 American balls were fired for every Mexican that was killed; this was better firing than that of the enemy, who fired 800 balls for every man killed on our side. Shooting schools are established in all the European armies, and the term of practice is from two to four months. In France the term of practice occupies four months. Practical instruction is given to the soldiers in estimating distance by the eye, and in rapid, accurate firing.

During warm weather, soldiers in camp and upon march, frequently can obtain no other water to slake their thirst and cook their food, than that of ponds, rivers and brooks. These waters are frequently charged with organic matter, which is liable to produce dysentery, and, in many instances, cholera. Rapid running streams, even if they are as brown with mud as the Mississippi river, and as much charged with organic matter, are perfectly healthy, because no chemical change—no fermentation—takes place in them. Sluggish streams and stagnant pools are the most to be dreaded. The mud may be filtered from the water of a running river, by merely passing it through cotton cloth, a piece of a blanket or flannel shirt. This simple method of straining water will also be found a partial safeguard for stagnant water, but not a perfect one. When on march, soldiers should endeavor to endure thirst with fortitude; and when they rest for cooking their food, they should boil the water which they intend to carry with them for drinking. When cooled and agitated in the air for a few moments so as to absorb oxygen, it becomes quite pleasant to drink. The high heat of boiling destroys the fermenting action.

THE HARDEE RIFLE AND LIGHT INFANTRY TACTICS.—This work, which has received the highest approval of military men, is really a translation of a French work, and Col. Hardee has no more to do with it than to introduce it to the military of this country, modestly, however, like most of the Southern officers, appropriating its authorship to himself. It had the recommendation of Jeff. Davis when he was Secretary of War; and he, being a military man, would not be likely to recommend to his own section an inferior work. Scott's is an excellent work, and has always been the received authority. Hardee, however, contains all the new movements inaugurated in the Crimean and Italian campaigns, and, therefore, is a more modern production, making the soldier acquainted with movements now considered necessary in the battle field. The Federal Government has adopted the Hardee tactics, and the State Government will probably do so. They would not do so unless there was great merit in the work. Lippincott & Co. are the publishers.

HOW NORTHERN MEN ARE TREATED IN VIRGINIA.—A gentleman just arrived from Fairfax county, Virginia, where he was settled as a farmer, informs us that on Monday last a notice was posted at the Court House, informing all men of Northern birth that they must come forward and take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States and to Virginia, or leave the State within fifteen days. As this gentleman did not wish to swear fealty to a Government he despised, he made immediate preparations for departure, and brought his family with him, leaving his farm of one hundred and ten acres in the charge of an old man of Northern birth, who, he expected, would also be required to leave. Every Northern man who could leave the State was packing up and departing. It is likely that their property will be confiscated.

A CHANCE FOR SOME NAVAL HERO TO DISTINGUISH HIMSELF.—A letter from Savannah, says:

"The Confederate States Government have now two armed steamers continually cruising outside the harbor, looking for United States armed vessels. These vessels of war are commanded exclusively by ex-officers of the United States Navy."

Are there no naval officers hereabouts who can distinguish themselves in the capture of these vessels? Remember, that it was Northern captains who first struck a blow at the naval supremacy of England, and gained all the glory which our navy acquired in the war of 1812. Northern sailors have the old spirit in them still, and here is an opportunity to show it.

GIRDLING THE REBELLION.

The slow, steady approaches of a crushing power inspire terror in proportion to their very deliberation. It is thus that the United States government act and must act upon the insurrectionists at the South. It is all very well for the Southern men to make sudden, noisy and mob demonstrations against unarmed soldiers travelling in the cars through Baltimore, but a government like that at Washington must proceed more slowly, steadily and powerfully to girdle and crush out all opposing power without any unnecessary departure from the laws and Constitution. A tree may be killed as effectually by girdling as by following up and digging out each separate root or cutting down the stump with an axe. The axe now lies at the root of the secession tree—the Palmetto—not to cut down the whole, but so to girdle the secession power that it shall never overshadow the Union again as it has done heretofore.

We are inclined to think now that the forces of the insurrectionists may very likely all melt away without any attack on Washington or any other place, and that even Fort Pickens may be unmolested. The secessionists will very likely confine themselves entirely to a defensive policy. Virginia even is *in* the Union or out of it, at peace or at war with us, in her own view of the matter, just as her interest for the moment may dictate. So it is with Maryland. No disgraceful acts of treachery and treason are too bad to be committed, and yet her Legislature votes down secession 53 to 13, and the United States flag is hauled up one day by the very men and on the very building that hauled up the secession flag a day or two before. Such Unionism must be questioned before it can be trusted any more. The three hundred thousand slave holders of the South have thus far been trusted with a really enormous amount of power. The whole government of the country has been entrusted to them. Arsenals and navy yards, and forts and arms have been put among them to enable them to support this domination long enough. Now the navy yard at Norfolk will never be rebuilt while Virginia continues a slave State. The naval academy at Annapolis will be removed to Rhode Island. The New York Board of Brokers are about to pass a rule that the bonds of the seceded States shall not be sold at the Stock boards, nor the bills dealt in, as all these are likely to be ultimately repudiated and worthless. This will aid to girdle their power.

The new call for men will give near a hundred and eighty thousand fighting men in our army and navy together. The last call is for soldiers for *three* and for *five* years. This indicates a purpose not only to crush rebellion in the South, but to keep it from again rising by properly garrisoned forts. For years past Northern men, with the sympathies peculiar to them, have been in danger of their lives from Southern mobs, and tar and feathers, stripes and imprisonment, loss of property without end, has been endured by all Northern citizens setting foot in the South. Within the past few months this state of things has become more and more intolerable; they have been driven away, their property has been confiscated, and United States forts and arms seized by mobs and State Governments.

The Constitution solemnly guarantees that the citizens of all the States shall enjoy equal privileges in each. The flag of the country must again wave over the stolen forts, and especially those where it has been insulted. But that is not enough. Northern men must be fully protected from mob law wherever they may go over this country. That is the Constitution, and the fulfilment of it will now, we presume, be the ultimate purpose of the Administration.

What Congress will do we know not, but we may be well assured that a people who begin by acts of piracy, under the name of privateering, will hardly be entrusted with a national flag of their own. Or, situated where, geographically, they command our entrance to the Mississippi, they will be entrusted with no powers, voluntarily, that might enable them to deprive us of free access to it. But, as in Maryland, the very slight exhibition of force by us has at once brought out the Union feeling, so we believe it will be again, and there are plenty of men who will rise to support our flag in every State, when they can do so, finding it adequately supported.

THE PREPARATIONS SOUTH.—All the indications South point to the accumulation and concentration of very large numbers of soldiers in the neighborhood of Richmond. Passengers represent the whole South as in motion, but some allowance must be made for exaggeration by persons not accustomed to the movements of troops, or able always to estimate their numbers. It is evident, however, that the South is preparing largely for the struggle, and that it will not lack soldiers. Over seventy thousand men, the Richmond Enquirer says, have responded to Governor Letcher's call. In Alabama there are five thousand men ready for the field. Seven thousand men are ready for action in South Carolina, with a reserve force of twelve thousand. Mississippi has sent down her quota. From Georgia we have no direct intelligence, and the Louisiana men are mostly at Pickens. It is said, however, that there is an organized force in the Confederate States of 100,000 men, of which sixty thousand can be concentrated in eight days at any point on the northern border. These statements are made in Southern journals, and it would not be safe to entirely discredit them. The dream of possessing Washington still haunts the minds of the more rabid rebels, and possibly they may be mad enough to make the attempt yet, though the result, in the present state of preparation to receive, can scarcely be doubtful. The Federal Government has no doubt as reliable information of the rebel force as can be procured, and the military sagacity of Scott is not likely to be deceived.

THE TIME EXPIRED.—President Lincoln in his proclamation, dated the 15th of April, gave the insurrectionists twenty days from that date to disperse. The time expired on Sunday, and now we may look for some speedy action against the Southern rebels. Hitherto the Government has acted on the defensive. It will now commence offensive operations. All the Southern ports will be immediately blockaded. Fifty armed vessels will perform this duty, with steam transports sufficient to accommodate a land army of 20,000 men. They will blockade every port whose entrance has six feet of water. The next movement will probably be to disperse the rebels assembled at Richmond and Norfolk. The forts are to be retaken, and the authority of the Government restored in every foot of territory belonging to the United States. The hundred thousand rebels said to be ready to take the field will probably soon find plenty of employment without dreaming of taking the Capital.

A GOOD REPLY.—Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, sent, a few days ago, a communication to the Governors of Ohio and Indiana, to preserve friendly relations and bring about a truce between the General Government and the States in rebellion. The Governor of Indiana, not having much faith in Magoffin, whose sympathies are evidently with the rebels, replied to his invitation, that he could not recognize the right of any State to act as mediator between the Federal Government and a rebellious State. Indiana and Kentucky, he says, are integral parts of the nation, and both owe a duty to the Government of the United States to support it when in peril. He, therefore, declined co-operation, giving the Governor a strong hint that allowing the transportation of arms and military stores through Kentucky for States in open rebellion to the General Government is giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

THE BOSTONIANS are talking of fitting out armed merchantmen to cruise off the Southern coast, for the protection of our commerce and to assist the government in enforcing the blockade. The Boston Traveller argues that it is coming on hot weather, when Northern land forces at the South will be seriously embarrassed—but the sailors from Massachusetts and Maine will fight along the coast as vigorously as in October. They will completely distract the rebel forces by a most dangerous fire in the rear. It would be a shame, indeed, if, just where we are mighty and the traitors are most weak—on the water—we should throw away our advantages and suffer infinite hurt.

THE FORCE already in the field, called out to sustain the Government, is as follows: At Washington, or now on their way to the capital, including the Pennsylvania troops, 29,000; ready and waiting for transportation, 23,000; regiments forming in New York, 21,000; regiments forming in New England, 23,000, or a total of 94,000 men. This includes only about 9,000 of the Western troops. When the new quota and the Western troops are added, it is believed that the force will amount to 150,000 men. The Confederates say they will have a force of 200,000 in the field in a few weeks. If they have that number in a few months, they will be doing very well.

THE NEW COMET.—The comet just discovered by M. Thatcher, is said to be now plainly visible to the naked eye. Star-gazers will find it in the quadrangle of the "Dipper" in the Great Bear—a hazy star, nearest the brightest of the four. It already shows a tail three degrees long in the telescope. It moves rapidly from the northeast, and in a few days will be conspicuous as a flaming sword from the North advancing into the Southwestern skies. An omen.

BAD WORK.—One-half of the men at Washington are complaining that their clothes are falling to pieces from their imperfect manufacture. We hear that a great deal of the clothing of our volunteers is in the same condition. Some one ought to inspect the clothing, and see that it is properly made.

SEVENTY-ONE THOUSAND MEN FROM OHIO.—Seventy-one thousand volunteers have offered their services to Governor Dennison, of Ohio, to fill the thirteen regiments required. Indiana's quota (six regiments) is now fully organized.

LEGISLATIVE.

PENNSYLVANIA—EXTRA SESSION.

The Pennsylvania Legislature convened on Tuesday, April 30, in extra session. In the Senate the proclamation of the Governor being read, the Speaker (Mr. Hall) made a speech advising prompt and energetic measures to equip and organize the State troops. The Governor's message was then read. Bills were then read by Mr. Smith to provide for the inspection of salted provisions for the army and navy, to legalize the Home Guard of Philadelphia, and to authorize the Commissioners of Lebanon and Schuylkill counties to appropriate money for the support of the volunteers. Mr. Finney offered a resolution, which was agreed to, restricting the business of the session to the objects for which it was called. In the House, after the reading of the Governor's proclamation, Mr. Speaker Davis made a speech advising the House to take a position in favor of sustaining the government and putting down treason. Mr. Collins offered a resolution calling for a list of the volunteer companies accepted, where located, and those not yet accepted. It was adopted. Mr. Thomas offered a resolution, which was adopted, restricting legislation to the objects for which the session was called. The Governor's message was read and referred to a select committee of seven, consisting of Messrs. Ball, Sheppard, Williams, Hill, Lawrence, Leisenring, and Smith of Berks county. On motion of Mr. Wilson, a select committee of five was ordered to be appointed to revise the militia laws. Ten thousand copies of the Governor's message were ordered to be printed. Bills were read to stay executions, and to authorize the Commissioners of Venango and Bradford counties to provide for the families of volunteers. The usual committees were appointed.

In the State Senate, on Wednesday, bills were read to authorize the Commissioners of Indiana and Cumberland counties to borrow money to support the families of the volunteers, and relative to debtors. A joint resolution was passed relative to the pay of the peace commissioners and their clerk. A resolution was passed referring the Governor's remarks on a Stay Law to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to report by bill or otherwise. A bill was passed to authorize the Commissioners of Schuylkill county to borrow $30,000 to support the families of the volunteers. In the House, the subject of the Stay law was referred to a special committee. A joint resolution from the Senate, restricting the business of the extra session to the subjects causing it was concurred in. Mr. Leisenring read a bill to erect a new armory in Philadelphia.

On Thursday, messages were received from the Governor, vetoing a number of acts vacating streets, lanes and alleys; to abolish the Court of Nisi Prius, to erect a free bridge over the Schuylkill river at South street, and to incorporate the Nesquehoning Railroad. In the House, the joint resolution was passed relative to the pay of the late peace commissioners and their clerk. The committee on the Governor's message reported a bill to create a loan and to provide for arming the State. Mr. Sheppard offered a resoltion, which was adopted, referring to a select committee the passage in the Governor's message relative to the outrage upon our troops in Baltimore. A message was received from the Governor vetoing the new police bill.

On Friday, in the State Senate, an act to provide for the inspection of salted provision for the army and navy and for exportation, was rejected. An act was passed authorizing several counties of the State to grant relief to the families of the volunteers. In the House, the Stay law was discussed, amended, and laid aside. The Governor's veto of the Philadelphia Police bill was discussed. A resolution was passed inquiring of the Governor how much of the half million dollars already appropriated for military purposes has been spent, how expended, &c.; and a communication was presented from the commanding officers of Camp Curtin, complaining of the inferior quality of the blankets furnished to the troops.

NEW JERSEY—EXTRA SESSION.

The New Jersey Legislature met on Thursday, April 30, at Trenton, in extra session. The Governor's message, which was read, recommends a loan of $2,000,000 at 7 per cent. and a State tax of $100,000; also the repair of the State arms and the purchase of 10,000 more, with field pieces and munitions of war. He also recommends the raising of four regiments for State service, to be subject to the call of the General Government, and that provision be made for the defence of the southern part of the State by fortified posts or an entrenched camp. The message was received with loud applause.

On Thursday morning, in the House of Assembly, the Judiciary Committee reported a bill for a loan of $1,000,000, bearing 6 per cent interest, and appropriating it for purposes of defence and to support the militia called into service. The bill was ordered to be printed.

In the Senate, joint resolutions were ordered to a third reading, declaring the unalterable purpose to stand by the Union and sustain the General Government. Bills authorizing the city of Newark to borrow $100,000, and Trenton to borrow $10,000 to aid the families of volunteers, have been passed, and a bill enabling counties to borrow money, for a like purpose, was made the special order for Tuesday next.

PROGRESS OF THE REBELLION.

It is evident that Virginia is to be the battle-field of the coming struggle. Maryland, whatever her feelings may be, will not declare herself otherwise than as friendly to the Union, while Washington remains to the North uncaptured. But it is also equally clear that were the slightest reverse to happen to our arms in Washington, Baltimore would issue the men who would intercept our supplies and cut off our retreat. We want, therefore, to know who are our friends and who are foes, at least in the seat of government. Yet this is not so easy a matter as might be imagined. Of those supposed to be most loyal citizens, men who have taken every oath, there must have been some mean enough to load the cannon with saw-dust, instead of powder and ball. Sand cartridges were attempted to be served out to troops by a man who was shot. Spies are everywhere. It is only by the force of an impregnable strength that the administration can succeed.

It is equally clear that the treacherous enemies of the government in Virginia are keeping dark. Instead of exaggerating their forces, they purposely make them appear far less than they really are. General Harney, for instance, could see or pretends that he did see no considerable body of troops at all. Nor have we ever been able to get any authentic tidings of five thousand men concentrated at any one spot either at Norfolk or Harper's Ferry, or even at Richmond. But we do find Georgia and Alabama troops being sent aside to Lynchburg. There are rumors, too, of a camp being formed at Dumfries, on the Potomac, half way between Acquia Creek and Alexandria. One paper, too, speaks of seventy thousand men having responded to Governor Letcher's call. If only half that number have actualty enrolled, it would seem that there should be a body of at least fifty thousand men under arms in Virginia and there might easily be a hundred thousand with the known enthusiasm of the Southerners along every line of railroad. Possibly the difficulty of securing depots of provisions may prevent their formation, but we heard of none scattering or being refused on that account.

The probability is that there is a profound and very able effort on the part of their generals to conceal their forces until the moment at which they are ready to strike. They have, no doubt, officers of the greatest brilliancy, with youth and vigor on their side, while we are greatly lacking in these, and but for Gen. Scott should be still more so. Even he is about to remove his head-quarters and that of the army to Philadelphia, it is said. This is probably on account of the difficulty of keeping up sufficiently rapid and reliable communications with the main body of the army. It is now well known that for about two days Gen. Scott's messages for troops were read and kept in Baltimore by the rebels, and yet it was telegraphed back to him that they had been forwarded.

Thus far Providence has been better to us than we have been to ourselves, unless it be that, by some means yet unexplained, the arms at Harper's Ferry were not blown up nor destroyed, and very large and important portions of those of the small arms, cannons and other warlike stores, have escaped destruction at the Norfolk Navy Yard. How all this has happened will be matter for future investigation, and whether any officers have been treacherous in the discharge of their duties. Probably no nation before ever so long survived such wholesale treachery and treason on the part of so many of its superior officers. It is upon the honesty and strength of our own volunteers that we must now rely.

THE FOOD OF THE SOLDIERS.—There is great complaint among the volunteers that the food provided for them is, in many cases, not fit to eat, the meat being offensive even to smell. Now as the State is furnishing money for good, wholesome food for the soldiers, and there is plenty of such to be obtained, there is no excuse at all for putting before them such unwholesome victuals.

IMPORTANT TO FOOT SOLDIERS.—*How to Clothe the Feet and Keep Them Comfortable.*—1. Blistering, burning, soreness and tenderness of the soles of the feet may almost invariably be prevented, even when marching for days together and over a heated road, by soaping the sole of the stocking—that is, covering it with a thin coating of the cheapest brown soap. This, at the same time, keeps the skin of the sole cool, hardens it, and prevents inflammation. Coarse cotton socks are the best for walking.

2. Don't wear woollen socks when marching, not even thin ones, no matter in what climate.

3. The boot or shoe should have a thick sole; it is not sufficient that they should be simply "double soled," the soles should be at least half an inch thick; if three-fourths of an inch or an inch all the better; they are more expensive, but if well made they will last a long time, and even in the warmest weather will be found easy to walk in, the feet easily becoming accustomed to their weight.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The steamship Adriatic has arrived at New York. She left Galway on the 23d ult. The Liverpool Cotton Market is reported as quite active, and some factors quote a still further advance. Breadstuffs continued dull, and Provisions steady. Consols were quoted at 91⅞ a 92. The most important political news by this arrival is from Poland. The Russian Army, in anticipation of coming trouble, was being concentrated at Warsaw. The debate in the Italian Parliament relative to the reorganization of the Southern Army—a measure insisted upon by Garibaldi—has been brought to a close by the adoption of a measure altogether indefinite in its character. At Marseilles, numerous failures among the most prominent merchants have taken place, in consequence of the failure of the Turkish Government to meet its obligations, and through the refusal of the Bank of France to grant further extensions. The Great Eastern had become involved in another difficulty—Mr. Scott Russell having issued a writ of execution against her.

The Southern Commissioners in Europe.

The Government received intelligence by the steamer Adriatic, from Paris, stating that Minister Faulkner had not presented the Commissioners from the Southern Confederacy. It is stated further, that Mr. Dallas, our Minister to London, also refused to present the Commissioners until he had received advices or instructions in regard to the matter from the home government.

I am credibly informed that the English and French Ministers have solemnly protested to the Montgomery government against the issuing of letters of marque. The impression in diplomatic circles is that Jefferson Davis will not dare to take so fearful a responsibility against the protest of those two powerful nations.

PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

The Administration and the War.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the existing exigencies demand immediate and adequate measures for the protection of the national Constitution and the preservation of the National Union, by the suppression of the insurrectionary combinations now existing in several States, for opposing the laws of the Union and obstructing the execution thereof, to which end a military force, in addition to that called forth by my proclamation of the 15th day of April, in the present year, appears to be indispensably necessary.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, and of the Militia of the several States when called into actual service, do hereby call into the service of the United States forty two thousand and thirty-four volunteers, to serve for the period of three years, unless sooner discharged, and to be mustered into service as infantry and cavalry. The proportions of each arm and the detail of enrollment and organization will be made known through the Department of War.

And I also direct that the regular army of the United States be increased by the addition of eight regiments of Infantry, one regiment of Cavalry and one regiment of Artillery, making altogether a maximum aggregate increase of twenty-two thousand seven hundred and fourteen, officers and enlisted men, the details of which increase will also be made known through the Department of War.

And I further direct the enlistment, for not less than one, or more than three years, of eighteen thousand seamen, in addition to the present force, for the naval service of the United States. The details of the enlistment and organization will be made known through the Department of the Navy.

The call for volunteers hereby made, and the direction for the increase of the regular army and for the enlistment of seamen hereby given, with the plan of organization adopted for the volunteer and for the regular forces hereby authorized, will be submitted to Congress as soon as that body assembles.

In the meantime, I earnestly invoke the co operation of all good citizens in the measures hereby adopted for the effectual suppression of unlawful violence, for the impartial enforcement of constitutional laws, and for the speediest possible restoration of peace and order, and with these, of happiness and prosperity throughout our country.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this the 3d day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-fifth. (Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President: WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

From Montgomery.

Message of Jeff. Davis—The Programme of the Traitors.

MONTGOMERY, via NEW ORLEANS, April 30, 1861.—Congress met at noon. President Davis' message announced the ratification of the permanent Constitution of the Confederate States, and that it only remains for an election to be held for the designation of officers to administer the Government.

It says the declaration of war made against this Confederation by Abraham Lincoln, rendered it necessary to convene Congress, to devise means to replenish the Treasury, and for the defence of the country.

The President incidentally refers to the prudent caution observed by the fleet off Charleston during the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, and pays a high compliment to the Carolinians for their forbearance before, and heroism during, and magnanimity after the bombardment.

Commissioners have been sent to England, France, Prussia, and Belgium to ask our recognition as a member of the family of nations, and make treaties of amity and commerce.

He recommends the appointment of other diplomatic agents. He says the Confederacy, through Mr. Stephens, has concluded a Convention with Virginia, by which Virginia has united her powers and fortunes with us. He has satisfactory assurances that other Southern States will soon take their fortunes with ours.

He says the most of the Executive Departments are in successful operation. The Postmaster General can soon be ready to assume the direction of postal affairs.

In conclusion, he congratulates the Confederacy on the patriotic devotion exhibited by the people of the Confederacy.

He says a people thus united and resolved cannot fail of final success. Our cause is just and holy, and we protest solemnly, in the face of mankind, that we desire peace at any sacrifice, save that of honor and independence; we seek no conquest, no aggrandizement, no concession from the Free States. All we ask is to be let alone; that none shall attempt our subjugation by arms. This we will and must resist to the direst extremity.

The moment this pretension is abandoned the sword will drop from our grasp, and we shall be ready to enter into treaties of amity and commerce mutually beneficial. So long as this pretension is maintained with a firm reliance on that Divine Power, which covers with His protection the just cause, we will continue to struggle for our inherent right to freedom, independence and self-government.

A Proclamation by the President—Blockade of Virginia and North Carolina.

WASHINGTON, Monday, April 29, 1861.—The President has issued the following Proclamation:

By the President of the United States of America:

Whereas, for the reasons assigned in my proclamation of the 19th instant, a blockade of the ports of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas was ordered to be established; and

Whereas, since that date public property of the United States has been seized, the collection of the revenue obstructed, and duly commissioned officers of the United States, while engaged in executing the orders of their superiors, have been arrested and held in custody as prisoners, or have been impeded in the discharge of their official duties, without due legal process, by persons claiming to act under authorities of the States of Virginia and North Carolina, an efficient blockade of the ports of these States will also be established.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-seventh day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the Independence of the United States, the eighty fifth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

What is Martial Law?

At the present crisis the significance of a term so much used, and with so little accurate sense of its meaning, becomes unusually important. Bouvier defines martial law as a "code established for the government of the army and navy of the United States," whose principal rules are to be found in the articles of war, prescribed by act of Congress. But Chancellor Kent says this definition applies only to *military* law, while martial law is quite a distinct thing, and is founded on paramount necessity, and proclaimed by a military chief. Martial law is generally and vaguely held to be a suspension of all ordinary civil rights and process, and as such approximates closely to a military despotism. It is an arbitrary law, originating in emergencies. In times of extreme peril to the State, either from without or from within, the public welfare demands extraordinary measures. And martial law being proclaimed, signifies that the operation of the ordinary legal delays of justice is suspended by the military power, which has for the time become supreme. It suspends the operation of the writ of *habeas corpus;* enables persons charged with treason to be summarily tried by court martial instead of grand jury; justifies searches and seizures of private property, and the taking possession of public highways and other means of communication. Involving the highest exercise of sovereignty, it is, of course, capable of great abuse, and is only to be justified on emergencies of the most imperative and perilous nature.

HIGH WATER IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—We learn from the St. Louis papers, that the Mississippi at that point is very high and rising. Boats that have just reached St. Louis, from New Orleans, report the Lower Mississippi very full, and a great many plantations below Cairo under water. The lower Ohio is very high. The Illinois river is out of its banks. The upper Mississippi is rising rapidly at Keokuk, and swelling slowly from St. Paul down. The "June rise" of the Missouri river has not commenced pouring out its mighty flood, but as the snows on the great plains were deep during the past winter, the torrent will be great when it comes, and the danger of general overflow, when it is added to the already swollen Mississippi, will be imminent.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

JOHN BROWN'S SON ENLISTING NEGROES FOR THE WAR.—A letter in the Cleveland Herald, from Youngstown, Ohio, dated April 28, says:

"I have just learned from a canal boat captain, who reached this place last evening, that John Brown, Jr., is encamped on Beaver river, about midway between New Castle, Pa., and the Ohio river, with four hundred negroes, principally from Canada, whom he is practicing in military drill. The captain of whom I speak brought a large amount of flour and other provisions from Pittsburg for the camp. He did not learn the particular object of the gathering, but presumes it has some relation to a visit to Virginia—probably Harper's Ferry—when the proper time arrives. The camp is not more than a day's march from the Virginia line. The captain further states that 1600 additional negroes are expected to reach the camp in a few days. They were well provisioned and supplied generally.

"Another canal boat has since arrived, whose captain confirms the report of seeing a large body of negroes encamped in the 'seven-mile slackwater.'"

THE FREE COLORED SOLDIERS.—We, some days ago, says the New Orleans Crescent of the 27th, mentioned that the Creole free colored population down town had taken the war question into consideration, and determined to offer their services to Gov. Moore, for home defence. At the meeting held for this purpose, some 1500 men were present. With one voice and with the greatest enthusiasm they agreed to offer themselves, and did so. The Governor accepted them, and they are now forming companies, as their fathers and grandfathers did in 1814 and 1815. Should their services be needed, they will be among our hardest and best fighters.

PROCLAMATION OF GOV BROWN OF GEORGIA—PAYMENT OF DEBTS AFTER THE WAR.—*Milledgeville*, April 26.—Governor Brown has issued his proclamation, which will appear in a Milledgeville paper, prohibiting the payment of all debts to Northern creditors till the end of hostilities and directing the payment of money into the State Treasury, to be refunded with interest at the end of the war to depositors.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.—Miss Sophia Stevens, of Princeton, sister of Edwin A. Stevens, Esq., of Hoboken, presented to Gov Olden, on Saturday, a bond of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company for one thousand dollars for the use of the State in sustaining the Federal Government in the present emergency.

GREAT RUSH OF TRAVEL TO THE NORTH.—The travel over the Nashville Road from the South, says the Nashville (Ky.) Democrat, is immense. The trains arriving are crowded to overflowing with people going North.

A GOOD DEAL of surprise is evinced at the position of the Hon John Bell, of Tennessee. He is gone over hook and line to the Disunionists.

NITROGEN is said to be always found in steel. This subject is much agitated by the French chemists.

CITY MATTERS.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.

On Friday night a fire broke out in the adamantine candle factory of David Thain & Co., and Vanhagen & McKeon's soap works, on the south side of Callowhill street, near Fairmount. The alarm was promptly given, and a number of firemen hurried to the scene of the conflagration. As the factory, however, was filled with combustible material, and the flames spread with great rapidity, the efforts of the firemen to save the building were unavailing. The main building and its contents, machinery, manufactured candles and soap, and material, were destroyed, involving a very heavy loss.

The basement of the factory was used for storing tallow, the main floor for manufactured goods, and in the upper stories the candles and soap were manufactured. There was a large quantity of rosin stored in the upper story, and the burning of this created considerable light, illuminating the entire city, and being visible at Germantown. The scene, as viewed from the basin at Fairmount, was magnificent, the flame giving to the surface of the Schuylkill the appearance of molten lava. While the conflagration was at its height, and when a number of firemen were engaged in an effort to check the progress of the flames, the front wall came down with a terrible crash. At the time of the fall a ladder belonging to the Spring Garden Hook and Ladder Company was leaning against the front of the building with a number of firemen, chiefly belonging to the Good Will, Independence and Monroe Engine Companies upon it, engaged in directing a stream through one of the upper windows upon the burning mass. The ladder was broken, the firemen thrown to the ground, and some of them covered up in the ruins. Two were taken out. One of them, Wm. McVey, a member of the Monroe Engine Co., expired almost immediately; the other, Peter Faulkner, a member of the Independence Engine Company, was so badly injured that it was thought he could not survive many minutes. Several were removed from the ruins very badly injured, and it was feared that there were others yet buried. Chief Engineer Lyle, Assistant Dowrey, and other firemen, made every effort to ascertain whether more were beneath the ruins, but the tottering condition of the walls rendered it too hazardous to continue the search, and it was abandoned until the flames could be subdued.

A number of steam engines were stationed for squares around, several of them being on the river front playing on the out building connected with the factory, and also of the roofs of the depots of the Arch street and Race and Vine street Railroad Companies, which were in great danger from the falling flakes that descended upon their roofs.

The large stone building immediately on the east, occupied by the Lockwood Manufacturing Company, narrowly escaped. It was saved through the exertions of the firemen. Several of the engines were manned by members in military uniform, being members who have volunteered, and who could not resist the call for their services as firemen. At 1 o'clock the flames were still burning fiercely, but there was not any fear of the surrounding property. The loss is heavy, but it is believed to be covered by insurance. The firm was burnt out about five years ago.

The loss of Messrs. Thain & Co. is estimated at $50,000, which is almost covered by insurance in the Ætna, of Hartford; Manhattan, of New York; Royal, of Liverpool; American, Franklin, Pennsylvania and North American, of this city. In the Ætna and Royal there were $10,000 each. The main building, for the manufacture of Adamantine candles, with all the machinery, stock, &c., was destroyed. It contained all the various manufacturing departments, besides a large storing room for finished work. The fire began in the still room, which was deemed almost fire proof, while the night hands were at work in it, and originated from the blowing out of asbestos cement from one of the joints of the condensing apparatus, followed by an immense escape of gas, which was ignited by the gas jets in the room. An attempt to stop off the steam proved unsuccessful, and the workmen made a narrow escape in getting out of the room. Though the main building contained a large amount of combustible material, there was not any rosin in it, that being stored in an out building, which was not destroyed. An out building containing $30,000 worth of palm oil was saved also. Peter Faulkner, who was thought to be fatally injured at first, is better, and hopes are entertained of his recovery. John McGuigan of the Independence Engine Company, and John Buck of the U. S. Hose Company, were injured, but not dangerously.

KILLING OF MICHAEL CONNELLY.

The coroner's jury met on Tuesday to investigate the circumstances attending the death of Michael Connelly, one of the Schuylkill County volunteers, who died from a wound inflicted in the abdomen on Saturday last, while in the neighborhood of Delaware avenue and Walnut street.

Alfred McGurk, sworn: I was going along Delaware avenue, above Walnut street, and saw two men together, one of whom had a whisky bottle. Three boys were close by, one of them having a knife in his hand. The man with a bottle made a dash at the boy, and the boy ran into the store. The boy chased had the knife, and made a blow at the man with it, but it did not then touch him. The man kept on, and just inside the door the boy stabbed him. A man inside the store then put the one who followed the boy out. I saw the boy stab him.

Wm. Spittall, the accused, was now brought before the jury, and was fully identified by the witness as the one who inflicted the wound.

Two men who were in the store at the time testified to Spittall being chased into the store by the deceased and seized by him, but they did not see the stab inflicted.

Officer Williams, of the Reserve force, testified to the arrest of Spittall, at his father's store, Delaware avenue, near Walnut street, and to finding a small pocket-knife on him. The prisoner admitted to him that he had a knife in his hand when the man followed him, but said he did not know whether he struck the man with it or not.

The resident physician at the Hospital testified that the stab was the cause of death, as the post mortem examination showed. A verdict of death from a stab, inflicted by William Spittall, was rendered, and he was committed for trial.

ARRIVAL OF MAJOR ANDERSON.

Major Robert Anderson arrived in this city on Friday morning, by the eleven o'clock train, and passed through without stopping, on his way to Washington. The numerous portraits of the Major having made the public pretty familiar with his face, he was recognized at various points in his passage through the city, and enthusiastically cheered. At the Baltimore depot he was also recognized and warmly greeted, all present being desirous of testifying their admiration of his gallant defence of the American Flag, at Sumter. It is said that on the road from New York to Philadelphia, he was repeatedly cheered.

NAVY YARD APPOINTMENTS.

The following appointments have been made by the Secretary of the Navy, at the Navy Yard in this city:—Joseph L Money, Inspector of Timber; John G. Strickler, Master Machinist; Thomas Davidson, Master Carpenter; James Falby, Master Laborer; Isaiah Pascoe, Master Plumber; Edward Simpson, Master Caulker; W. H. Richards, Master Blockmaker; Philip Staul, Master Blacksmith; J. J. Clothier, Master Sparmaker; Chas. B. Hill, Master Boatbuilder; James Shillingham Clerk of the Yard; James Baylock, Master Joiner; Daniel Doe, Dock Master.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

A shocking accident occurred on Thursday on the Market st Railroad, at Twenty second st. One of the freight trains had been stopped at the crossing, and Alexander McIlhany, of advanced years, attempted to go under it. As he was about passing out on the opposite side, the team was started, and he was thrown on the track. The wheel went over his head, crushing it in a terrible manner, instantly killing him. Deceased had a family, and resided in Twenty-second street, near Locust.

ARRESTED ON CHARGE OF TRE

On Saturday, the final hearing w the case of C. A. Greiner, charged w son, in seizing Fort Pulaski, he being at the time in a volunteer corps in the Georgia. Judges Grier and Cadwala both on the bench.

Mr. Coffey said that, as the evidence had established a prima facia case of h son against the defendant, under ordi cumstances, the proper motion w been for a warrant of removal to th of the District in Georgia in which sed was to be tried. But he felt boun the present state of affairs, to suggest known to the Court, the closing of the in Georgia, and to add the further sug that the Government of the United S now engaged in efforts to restore the States Courts in Georgia; and, there made the motion that the defendant s held or committed for trial, at the nex term or session of the U. S. Court Southern District of Georgia. The Co bound to presume that, within a re time, the Courts of the United States w sit in the District of Georgia. It was the Constitution of the United States gu every citizen "a speedy trial," but of Congress concerning arrests, made of the judge discretionary. There wa specified within which the trial shall ta and there is no time within which the of arrest shall be issued. There was a analogy to be drawn from the decisions i State Courts. In Pennsylvania or V is provided that a trial shall be aw defendant within two terms after hi tal; otherwise he shall be discharge cases had arisen where the accused h held for a longer period. He quoted the for the purpose of illustration; that, alt trial was required by specific statute y circumstances occurred beyond the co the prosecutors or defendant the Attor required to bow to the circumstances.

The intent of the law was to prevent sion and delay on the part of the Unite therefore, he suggested that no U. S. were sitting in Georgia, and it would b ing out the spirit of the clause co arrests to pause in the progress of r Here stands the defendant in the predi of a *prima facia* case of high treason against him. It appears to the Court ought to be tried before *some* tribu stands in such a position that he cannot here, and he is to be held somewhere to a serious offence. Could not the Cour ther than merely holding to bail? In sent anomalous state of affairs, he cou committed for trial in the district offence had been committed.

Judge Grier suggested that the Court right to exercise a doubtful power and k man in prison.

Mr. Coffey thought the Court shou sume that the United States would not in re asserting its power and opening the in Georgia.

Judge Grier—If there was any hone common sense, or any decency and r the oath of allegiance among the peo there, then the presumption might b one. All that the Court could do wa the man down for trial.

Mr. Coffey—That is not what I asked

Judge Grier—Then you want us to man here in prison?

Mr. Coffey—I want him held for some sonable" time.

Judge Grier.—The Constitution is ca protecting individuals from the ruling The framers of the Constitution dre carefully as to weaken the Governme most important particular. I will no that the Constitution is a failure, but the must be very cautious how they exercise not expressly defined.

Mr. Coffey again urged that as the might be presumed to be opened within or month, was it not within the discre the Court not to discharge the defendant responsibility for his acts.

Judge Grier.—This is a case of no gr portance. You have said that the c by this man was not very great. No some of those fellows with letters of and bring them here, I will tell you will do!

Judge Cadwalader.—I hope the occasi not arise in our time.

Judge Grier.—If it does, I should have the disposal of some of them!

Judge Cadwalader suggested to Mr. that the points presented by him wer proper for consideration in the District the trial was had.

Judge Grier.—It is not right to strain in a matter of this unimportant chara wish we had some of the leaders of the lion, I might then hold a much more doctrine than I do now. I perfectly app the views of Judge Cadwalader. I c opinion very carefully, and find nothing let it go. If you will only bring befo Mr. Jefferson Davis, that is all I ask!

Judge Cadwalader's decision was as fo It was held that if the Courts of the States for Georgia had been open, or had been a reasonable probability would soon be able to exercise their j tion, the accused should, upon the ch treason, have been committed, under section of the judiciary act of 24th Sept 1789, to stand his trial for treason, in t cuit Court of the United States for the District of Georgia, which Court alone have jurisdiction of the case. This act of gress would then have required that a should be seasonably issued for his rem that district by the Marshal. Such a of removal was not asked for on beha United States; and it was admitted the Courts for Georgia were not open, and not likely to be able to exercise their ju tion within any definable period. Und circumstances, the Constitution and la the United States gave no authority to the accused, or to require him to give answer the charge of treason at an und future day in Georgia.

But though his immediate purpose in Pennsylvania was apparently neither in rent nor treasonable, the motive of his vi on account of his prior hostile relation United States, liable to just suspicion. required, therefore, to give security t the peace, and to be of good behavior in a arising under the Constitution and laws United States.

When a body, large or small, of arm is mustered in military array for a trea purpose, every step which any one takes, by marching or otherwise, in pa tion of this purpose, is an overt act o son in levying war.

Their occupation of a fortress, in o take it from the dominion of a governm which they owe allegiance, is treason in one of them concerned in the capture, o sequent detention of the post, though th encounter no hostile resistance in the c or the detention.

A private soldier, or subordinate office ving under the command of a military rior, cannot excuse a treasonable act ground of compulsion, unless he was under a personal fear of death, into the vice, and quitted it as soon as he could.

This doctrine applies wherever, and s as, the duty of allegiance to an exi vernment remains unimpaired. Tho revolution is impending, the allegianc tinues to be due, so long, at least, as the of justice of the Government are o maintain its peace, and afford the citize protection which is the foundation of his of allegiance.

The accused owed a two fold allegia the United States, and to the State of Ge His duty of allegiance to the United State co extensive with the jurisdiction of government, and was, to this extent, ind ent of, and paramount to, his duty o giance to the State. It continued to be paramount so long, at least, as the Cou the United States could exercise their jur tion within the State. Though these C have been closed since the capture of the there was, at its date, no such conflicti forced allegiance to the State, as made public enemy of the United States, in c distinction to a traitor.

The provision of the Constitution th person shall be convicted of treason unle the testimony of two witnesses to the overt act, or on confession in open court, applicable to preliminary hearings and mitments.

The accused was held to bail in the s $10,000 to keep the peace, which was pro entered.

THE RAILROAD BATTERY.

The iron car built for the Government be used on the Philadelphia, Wilmingt Baltimore Railroad, was taken to Bro Prime streets, on Saturday. It is a ver midable looking object, the sides and top of the best boiler iron, warranted to rifle balls. One half of the car is fur with port holes, so as to allow the use of midable cannon, which has been placed pivot table, at any point on the side or fr the car. It has numerous holes for look or for the use of men armed with rifles. this battery in front of a locomotive, cannon loaded with punchings from boile death will be the portion of all offering en

DELAWARE AVENUE MARKET

The Delaware avenue market is progr rapidly. All the foundation walls have laid, and the stone work up to the door-si been completed. Workmen are now prep the bottoms of the cellars for the arches, are to be sprung to keep the water out of During the building of the foundations, was very little interruption by the water some of the cellars were as dry yesterd the pavement above. The building of market house will have the effect of co trating a large amount of business abou foot of Spruce and Dock street.

ENTERED UPON THEIR DUTIE

Mr. Wm. B. Thomas, the new Collector Port, and Mr. Cornelius A. Walborn, the Postmaster, entered upon their duties y day. Mr. Thomas has appointed as his S tary, Mr. A. M. Walkinshaw, who is wel lified for the position. Petitions from a cants for appointments will be receive the 3d to the 15th of the month, after whic Collector will receive applicants and friends. It is believed that the appoint will not be made until early in June.

FATAL LEAP FROM A WINDOW

John High (French) took lodgings at an grant boarding house in Dock street, on day night. Early next morning he arose his bed, proceeded to the window, leaped t from, and lighting on the ground, broke legs, one arm and fractured his skull. H conveyed to the Hospital, where, after li ing a short time, he died. The deceased about 34 years of age, and it was though he was either crazed or laboring und effects of mania-a-potu.

DEATH OF MAJOR PUGH.

Major Pugh, Brigade Inspector of the cond Brigade, died suddenly, on Wedn last, at Harrisburg. Deceased, who resident of Frankford, had been Brigad spector of the Second Brigade for a num years.

ARMY AND NAVY.

PAY OF THE U. S. ARMY.—The Sunday Transcript of this city has the following in relation to the pay of the army.

The United States Army Register for 1861 has the following statement of the pay of officers in the pay of the government:

	Per month	No. of rations per day	Monthly commutation value	No. of horses allowed	Monthly commutation value	No. of servants allowed	Monthly commutation value	Total monthly pay
Colonel	$95	6	$54	3	$24	2	$45 00	$218 00
Lieut Col	80	5	45	3	24	2	45 00	194 00
Major	70	4	36	3	24	2	45 00	175 00
Captain	60	4	36	..	..	1	22 50	118 50
First Lieu	50	4	36	..	..	1	22 50	108 50
Second Lieu	45	4	36	..	..	1	22 50	103 50
Bvt. Sec. Lt.	45	4	36	..	..	1	22 50	103 50
Adjutant*	10	..	..	1	8	..	..	18 00
Reg. Qm'r*	10	..	..	2	16	..	..	26 00

* In addition to pay, &c., of Lieutenant.

The officer in command of a company is allowed ten dollars per month for the responsibility of clothing, arms, and accoutrements; thirty cents is allowed for each ration, and eight dollars per month for each horse.

THE THANKS OF THE GOVERNMENT TO MAJOR ANDERSON.

The following is a copy of the letter of the Secretary of War to Major Anderson:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 22, 1861.

Major Robert Anderson, late Commanding Officer at Fort Sumter: My Dear Sir—I am directed by the President of the United States to communicate to you, and through you to the officers and men under your command at Forts Moultrie and Sumter, the approbation of the Government of your and their judicious and gallant conduct there; and to tender to you and them the thanks of the Government for the same. I am, very respectfully,
SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

ARREARAGES DUE RESIGNING OFFICERS.—The following letter has been addressed to the accounting officers of the Government:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, April 23, '61.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 115.—The amounts found to be due resigned officers from the States which claim to have seceded will be paid them from the United States funds heretofore sent to or deposited in those States. By order,
L. THOMAS, Adjutant Gen.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.—The troops called out by the new army and navy orders are, it is said, in addition to the seventy-five thousand volunteers already required, so that the whole number called for by the Government thus far is—

Volunteers by proclamation	75,000
Volunteers for three years' service	40,000
Regulars for five years' service	25,000
Seamen " " "	18,000
Total	158,000

That is, 75,000 week before last, and 85,000 now. Several of the States have enrolled double the number of regiments asked of them.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, May 8, 1861.

Postage on the Dollar Newspaper.

To any Post-office in Pennsylvania, 13 cents per year.
To any Post-office out of Pennsylvania, 26 cents per year.
To any Post-office in any of the British Provinces, 26 cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscription.
To any Post-office out of the United States, other than the British Provinces, the postage is two cents per number of the paper, or one dollar and four cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscribing.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"SWEET MUSIC," by W. A. K., is declined.

"WHOM THE LORD LOVETH," "THE SEASONS," and "A SONNET," by W. G. Meachem, M. D., we have filed for publication as convenience offers.

ANOTHER NEW STORY.

We conclude in this number of "The Dollar Newspaper" the admirable story "UNTO THE DAWN," and shall commence in the next number a shorter, though superior ORIGINAL NOVELETTE, entitled

FIFTY THOUSAND AND FAILURE.
Woman's Wit and Man's Manœuvres.

BY MISS S. J. C. WHITTLESEY.

This coming story was not written for one of our lately offered premiums, but is a production of rare merit, and cannot fail to command the admiration of all readers. Miss W. is well and favorably known in the literary world as a chaste writer, one whose imagination is qualified by reason and a proper regard for the truthful in nature; consequently the moral sense of the reader is never shocked by the wild and unnatural. Her fiction is all so probable to the seeming that it might have been all true; the effect is, therefore, all the more interesting, and the moral the more impressive. Her stories are always received by our readers with much satisfaction, and "FIFTY THOUSAND AND FAILURE," we are sure, will prove no exception to the rule.

TO FARMERS.

Now is the time for farmers to make money. The country is at war. A half million of men, instead of being producers, will become consumers. Flour, beef, pork, beans—the substantials—will be wanted in large quantity. Europe is convulsed, and the indications are that there will be a general outbreak across the water; if so, America must supply the armies of France, Italy and England with food. Let the farmers prepare for a great demand; let every cultivator put in an extra acre of corn or wheat, and carry his tilth to the best possible perfection; let every calf be saved from the butcher's hands, for there will be a great demand for beef. Farmers, everywhere, now is your time!

GIRARD COLLEGE BOYS.

The Directors of the Girard College give notice that they are prepared to bind out, in the State of Pennsylvania, twenty orphans, in accordance with the will of Stephen Girard, to suitable occupations, such as agriculture, navigation, arts, mechanical trades, and manufactures. The master will be required to teach his apprentice his respective art, and to furnish him with suitable board and lodging in his own place of residence, except where for special reasons, the apprentice may be allowed to board elsewhere. The master will be allowed to take each orphan on trial for a term not exceeding one month, and the apprentice, when bound, will be furnished by the Institution with a suitable outfit. Persons desirous of obtaining an apprentice can apply at the College, between the hours of 3 and 5 P. M., or if not citizens of Philadelphia, can address Henry W. Arey, Secretary of Girard College, giving name, residence, occupation and reference; the latter, whenever possible, to be residents of Philadelphia.

THE LOVE OF APPROBATION.

It is remarkable that Franklin and Coleridge should place two such exactly opposite estimates on the value of the love of approbation as one of the social forces or motive powers of our constitutions. Franklin says that he has found it lead to so many valuable actions and good results, that he never fails to pay homage to it wherever he meets with it in society. On the other hand, Coleridge warns every man, who would rise to eminence, to put it as far from his motives as possible, it being certain to deteriorate from the measure of excellence to which he might otherwise attain. Both were sincere in their expressions, Coleridge even more than Franklin, who has, after all, a latent sneer at the weakness of humanity, when he speaks of paying homage to it, in the form, we presume, of flattery. The difference between these two opinions may be in part accounted for by the different points of view from which the two men approached their subject. Franklin was looking at what was best *for society*, while Coleridge was seeking the perfection of *the individual* character.

Another cause of difference was their native strength of character. Franklin was a man looking at everything from the outside, with a view to *effect*. Coleridge more abstractedly and with reference to correct inward principles of action. But, beyond all this, even Franklin could afford to admit the love of approbation as *one* motive among many, without any danger of being mastered by it in such a way as to become its slave. Coleridge, however, had not this inward strength. In society, he was the light of those around him—a focus, which concentrated and diffused on every side, all that was brilliant and beautiful. But, with all this, there was a love of fascinating and pleasing for the moment, which was the greatest weakness of his character. He could not tell the truth in company, if that truth was likely to prove unpleasant, but would prevent or deny all the plainest convictions of his own mind, and feed his guests on chaff, if they would not accept cheerfully more substantial food. Strange it is, but most true, that two of the greatest and most original and profound men in the pursuit of abstract truth, Lord Bacon and Coleridge, should both, when thrown into society, have been the most notorious violators of every principle of truth, and that for any advantage, even the most trifling, personally to themselves at the moment.

No wonder, then, that Coleridge, who was so morally weak against the love of the approbation of society, should have felt and expressed as he did the dangers of admitting it as a principle of action or a prevailing motive.

But the question thus far remains open and unsolved as to whether and how far the love of approbation should be admitted as a motive. That it does enter more or less into the thoughts and motives of all is clear; but should it be cultivated or repressed? That is the question.

For the abstract philosopher, like Coleridge, weakened in force of will through excessive intellectual development, the love of approbation is one of the most dangerous snares. Such characters do good to the world in proportion as they attain a perfectly undisturbed state of mind. The balance of their powers is so nicely adjusted that the slightest external influence sways them most dangerously. A file accidentally dropped near a compass box wrecked one of the finest vessels, not long since, that ever crossed the Atlantic. And yet, both for the discovery and for the attainment of the most useful practical truths and duties the love of the approbation of the wisest and the best is one of the most useful and safest practical guides. As members of society, we have *no right* ever to deviate from the practices of those we thus esteem, except we have good ground for feeling assured that we have looked through all the light they have and possess within ourselves better materials for forming a correct opinion. Even then, our own conceit is often a false light misleading us.

MERIT IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

The Navy department has published the finding of the court martial in the case of Capt. Armstrong, who delivered up the Navy Yard at Pensacola to the rebels. The Court find him guilty of "neglect of duty," and of "disobedience of orders, and conduct unbecoming an officer," and sentence him to suspension from duty for five years, with the loss of pay for the first half of said term, and to be reprimanded by the Secretary of the Navy in general orders. At the same time the Secretary of the Navy publishes an honorable testimonial to William Conway, an aged seaman, doing duty as Quarter-master in the Warrington Navy Yard, and who at the time of its surrender, when ordered by Lieut. F. B. Renshaw to haul down the national flag, promptly and indignantly refused to obey the order. The Secretary says:—

"The love and reverence thus impulsively exhibited for his country's flag, in the hour of its peril, are not the less worthy of being called noble and chivalric because displayed by one in an humble station. It is the more deserving of commemoration, for subordinates in the service are not usually expected to set examples of patriotism and fidelity in their trusts, but to follow them."

The question may be well asked why "subordinates" in the service are not expected to set examples of patriotism, and why officers, who are expected to set such examples, have so lamentably failed in that duty? The answer is plain. Merit in subordinates is not regarded in either army or navy, as entitling the subordinate to promotion, so that no exhibition of fitness, or devoted duty in the ranks, can ever raise a common sailor or soldier above that station. A miserable system of favoritism and nepotism has filled our army and navy with officers, who, feeling that they owe their situations to extraneous causes, and not to examples of superior merit or devotion to their country's interests, have no attachment at all to their government, but all their loyalty is expended upon the particular section of country which they are supposed to represent. Hitherto the army and navy have been filled with the sons, and nephews, and cousins, of influential politicians at Washington. The places of distinction in them have been regarded as rewards for political service, and have been proportioned as nearly as possible to the political influence the different States have been supposed to exercise in the election of a President. Of course such a system as this relieves the incumbent of any paramount attachment to his government, because he owes his place not to the approval by that government of his conduct, or its appreciation of his merits, but to the influence of the politicians of the State to which he belongs. So soon as that State, therefore, demands his service against the general government, the paramount duty to his State, impressed upon the officer by his gratitude for a place which his merits could not procure for him, obliges him to desert the flag of his country and the service of a government from which he can hope for no further favors.

If a different system prevailed and men were promoted by merit only, a very different feeling of duty would be established in the heart of every officer in the army and navy. As he would owe his distinction to his government, and not to the influence of his State, or his political family relations, his affection and his fealty would be to his government against every feeling of sectional attachment or local State pride. He would feel that his service was eminently due where it had been properly recognized and rewarded, and his attachment would be all to his country, for to his country he would owe all the rank and fortune he possessed. The merit that had been once recognized in him, would be a guarantee that it would lead to higher honors when exhibited in higher spheres, or found equal to more responsible position.

In this way the loyalty of the officer would be always secured to the existing government, the only true representative of his country, at the same time that his ambition would be continually inspired in a most laudable and proper direction. We would find no desertion of his flag when the Executive should call for his service against rebellion, as we now see, and which in a common soldier or sailor would be sure to bring degrading punishment upon his head. We would have no treacherous betrayal of trusts from an exaggerated and mistaken sense of obligation to a single member of the whole government, and which our pernicious system of State appointments tends to foster and establish. Each man would perform his duty faithfully to his country, which employed and rewarded him, and the government would get the best service the country could afford, and which this proper encouragement would bring to it.

Now that our army and navy have been weeded of the worthless material a bad system had created, and thousands of our gallant, accomplished, educated and ambitious youths have voluntarily entered the service of their country as "subordinates," we hope that the Administration will pursue the right system hereafter, and, recognizing superior merit, wherever found, fill the places of distinction in the army and navy with capable officers, proud of the service, true to their flag, and with every motive and impulse for abiding loyalty to the government. We should not then hear so demoralizing a declaration officially and we hope thoughtlessly made, that "examples of patriotism are not looked for in subordinates."

THE UNION NOT TO BE DISSOLVED.

The correspondence between Mr. Faulkner, a Virginian, and Minister to France, and Secretary Seward, relative to the action of the French Government towards the rebellious States of the Union, gives but little hope to the conspirators against the peace and liberty of the country, that their political abortion at Montgomery will receive very early recognition from the Emperor of France. M. Thouvenal, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, when the subject was broached to him, significantly referred to the tardiness of the French Emperor, in recognizing the Kingdom of Italy, as a proof that he would not do any act which would tend to impair the integrity of the United States.

In addition to this significant language of the French Minister, we have in Mr. Seward's letter the important declaration that the Union shall not be dissolved either by force or secession. There has not been, is not, nor will there be, on the part of the Government, any idea looking, in any contingency, to such a result. This declaration, coming upon the heels of the formidable preparations meeting to sustain the integrity of the Union, will come like a cruel frost in May upon the Montgomery conspirators, now in session, nipping at once all the full blown hopes they have been indulging of an easy dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of a separate Southern Confederacy to overshadow all the other Governments of the Western Continent. It is gratifying to every lover of the Republic to find at last that there is vigor enough in the Union to maintain itself, and that it will not be suffered to drop to pieces from a mistaken idea that force is inimical to its freedom. Force has assailed its foundations, but a counteracting force, such as is now being put in active operation, will be its salvation.

The Confederate conspirators never imagined that there was such loyalty to the Constitution and the Union as the present uprising at the call of constitutional authority has produced. Disloyal themselves, and hating in their hearts the very name of freedom and equality, they imagined that the whole fabric of our Government was a rotten pretence, and the principle of equal rights a sham. That wealth and prosperity had so corrupted our social system that our political system was secretly despised, and it only needed a bold hand to overturn it all, and build upon its ruins a more magnificent structure, in which the "free and equal" political heresy should have no part. They are just awakening now to the sad consciousness that all the seeming success which attended their schemes for so many weeks was a mere illusion, that the national heart is still sound in the sentiments and principles which established the Republic, and that the national hand is ready to defend the liberties the Union secures. Twenty millions of people stand at the back of the President, to say with him this Union shall not be dissolved, and to use the force that is necessary to prevent so great an outrage against the interests of mankind, as the destruction of the Republic. The danger which arose from indecision and hesitancy is now over. The security that lies in strength and righteous principles is, from this moment, established.

THE AGGREGATE NUMBER OF DEATHS in Philadelphia for the week ending on Saturday the 4th inst., was 251—100 adults and 154 children. There were 41 from consumption of the lungs, 16 from inflammation of the lungs, 20 from small pox, 20 from scarlet fever, 11 from debility, 12 from convulsions, 8 from diptheria and 1 from palsy.

STARVING THE NORTH INTO SUBMISSION.—The citizens of Savannah have prohibited any rice being sent North, and unloaded a vessel which was taking in rice as a part of her cargo. This was a retaliation for not allowing the border States to supply the South with arms.

LITERARY RECORD.

Afloat and Ashore. By J. Fennimore Cooper. New York: Townsend & Co. Philadelphia: S. McHenry, Sole Agent.

This is one of Cooper's most attractive novels, at least it made as great a sensation in the literary world when first published as any other from his gifted pen. Being among his more recent works, the story will be generally remembered. We can only say that this edition is continued in the same elegant style in which it was commenced, illustrated by Darley, and is altogether the very best edition of the author's novels ever printed. There are thirty-two books in all, each book containing one novel complete. Of the whole number, the twenty-eighth is now before us. The novels yet to issue are "The Heidenmauer," "Miles Wallingford," "Ways of the Hour," and "Precaution," which will appear, one copy per month, concluding the entire edition by the 1st of September. No man pretending to literary taste will hereafter willingly acknowledge that his library is without a copy of this edition of one of the first novelists of his age.

The Soldier's Guide. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, have just issued a cheap work for the instruction of our volunteer recruits. It is called the Soldiers' Guide, a complete Manual and Drill Book, adapted to the discipline of the soldier of the present day, by an officer of the U. S. army. The instructions are plain and full, with a dictionary of military terms, to make explanations intelligible. As the work is published for the sum of 25 cents, every soldier can have one of the best kind of instructors to read in his leisure moments. The same publishers have received the Regulations for the Army of the United States. This is a very useful book at this time for those who are going into camp. It gives all the instructions how to form camps, the duties belonging to them, of its several departments, with the articles of war, and the acts of Congress regulating the service. Copies will be sent to any one, free of postage, on receipt of 25 cents.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the Walnut Street Theatre, Mr. Sothern, a very popular eccentric comedian, concluded a successful engagement on Saturday evening. This week the performances are almost nightly for the benefit of members of the stock company, opening on Monday evening with a benefit to Mr. Thayer, on which occasion Mrs. Alexina Baker, the daughter of Mrs. Thayer, appeared with Mr. Murdoch, as the heroine and heroine the "Lady of Lyons." We believe that these eminent artists were the original Pauline and Claude Melnotte at this theatre some years ago. Mrs. Thayer's Madame Deschapelles is one of her finest parts. Both Mr. and Mrs. Thayer are veterans of the stage, and deserve that the public should show their respect and gratitude for the years they have dedicated to their service. On Tuesday evening, 7th inst., Mr. Adams, a capital actor, takes his annual benefit. Mr. and Miss Richings lend their aid on the occasion. On Wednesday evening, the benefit is in aid of the Passenger Relief Association, when will be played two attractive dramas, and Chapman will sing "The Teetotal Society." On Thursday Sturton Wright takes a benefit, and on Friday evening Mrs. Gladstane, the leading lady of the house, a quiet and most graceful actress, will follow with hers. This lady, on many accounts, personal as well as professional, deserves the marked consideration of the patrons of the Walnut.

At the Arch Street Theatre, the drama, or rather the military spectacle of Napoleon, has proved a great success. Mr. Ryer, who has made a complete study of every traditional action, habit and gesture of Napoleon, deserves great credit and admiration for the artistic fidelity of his portraiture. The whole strength of the company is in the cast, including Mrs. Drew, Miss Wells and Clarke—that is all that is spirited, original and funny. The piece will be continued all this week.

At Sanford's Opera House, the performances on Wednesday evening will be for the benefit of "The Independent Mounted Rangers," when an attractive bill will be presented. Dixey takes his benefit on Saturday evening. As this is announced as the last week of the season, those who would have a hearty parting laugh should embrace the opportunity.

THE SOLDIERS' WIVES AND FAMILIES.—Some of the volunteers mustered into the service have been drilling and preparing for their duties as soldiers for the last three weeks, and during this time, of course, their means of support for their families have been cut off. Some of those who have gone have left persons dependent upon them utterly destitute. The committee who have the duty of supplying the wants of the wives and children of those in the service of their country, ought to commence their task immediately, otherwise there will be suffering among them. The names of the enlisted men should be procured from the company rolls, and such as have families should be the immediate recipients of the public bounty. The patriotism which so promptly protects the government ought to be satisfied that the public will as promptly perform their duty and protect the families of volunteers from want. Many of the soldiers have left powers of attorney behind them, so that their wives and children may draw a portion of their pay while they are absent. Until this becomes due, the public and private subscriptions for the volunteers will be required to be expended, and the cash should be given immediately.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Young ladies are said to like cold weather because it brings the chaps to their lips.

. . . . A "shoulder-hitters'" regiment is organizing in New York.

. . . . A privateering office is publicly announced in the New Orleans papers.

. . . . The Library of the Vatican contains one hundred thousand printed volumes, and twenty-five thousand manuscripts.

. . . . Two Tennesseans who attempted recently to poison the wells at Indianapolis, were shot by the volunteers there.

. . . . Diptheria is not a new disease. Dr. Greenhow says it was known in the sixteenth century, the seventeenth and eighteenth. It does not arise from any known combination of physical causes. It is communicable but not highly contagious, and attacks families.

. . . . A rumor prevails that a jealousy exists between President Davis and Gen. Beauregard. The latter looms up too largely for the Presidential military aspirations, and there may result trouble among the rebels in consequence.

. . . . John Wesley says: "When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before; at present, I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

. . . . Burglars in Cincinnati are bold and brutal. One walked into Mr. Moore's dwelling-house recently, and penetrating the sleeping chamber, plundered as he chose. Mrs. More nearly died of fright. Mr. Moore remonstrated, and was shot in the head for it.

. . . . A housekeeper in Manchester complains that the Gas Company there, brought him in a bill for the consumption of seven hundred feet of gas, when in fact they had not even completed his couplings with the main. Queer people these gas companies.

. . . . Indiana can probably claim the honor of furnishing the oldest volunteer of any State in the Union. Mr. Bates, of Pendleton, ninety-two years old, volunteered with a company from Madison county. Mr. Bates is said to be the father of twenty-four children. He is an extraordinary man in more ways than one.

. . . . "Let the dead bury the dead" is the advice the Times gives the Tribune, when the latter carps at a political opponent's election to some petty office. There are but two parties in the country now, says the Times—those who are for the Flag, and those who are against it; and it seems unjust to go back to the political contests of the past, to create new divisions.

. . . . It is asserted that Jefferson Davis continues his tampering with U. S. officers. Last week he sent a General's commission in the Confederate army to a gentleman holding a Captain's rank in the U. S. army, and whose experience in the Ordnance Bureau would render him most valuable to the South. The commission was accompanied by a strong personal letter. Both were returned.

. . . . It is stated that on Maj. Anderson's arrival at the Brevoort House, he was met at the door by the proprietor. While he was shaking hands with a few gentlemen in the hall, his daughter Abba, a beautiful girl of 15, ran down the staircase. Seeing her, Major Anderson ran forward, met her midway upon the flight, and in a moment the soldier's daughter was clasped in her father's arms. He then ascended to the apartments of Mrs. Anderson, where a most affecting scene of reunion occurred.

. . . . "Vanity Fair presents the following of the Presidential Pilgrim:

"Come, ladies all and gentlemen, around my platform throng,
'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long:'
Depending on which principle, I mean where'er I go,
To put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow."

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,"
Of ocean wild and stranded ship and reckless mutineer;
But, rain or shine, this rule be mine, no chicken-face to show—
But put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

"O! for a soft and gentle gale," I hear a fair one sigh,
Responding to which sentiment, "Produce that Gale!" says I
But, high or low the wind may blow—while the sea doth ebb and flow,
I'll put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

I hear the free elector's howl, I hear the cannon's roar,
I feel I've been at Buffalo, for, ah! my bones are sore.
I know there's worse before me yet—how can I help but know!
And yet I'll trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

News Received by Telegraph on Saturday and Sunday.

A special election in Washington county, Md., for a member of the Legislature, has resulted in the success of the Union candidate by over 4000 majority.

General Pillow is mustering a large rebel force at Memphis, from Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi, to attack the Illinois troops stationed at Cairo. He is said to have several steamers ready, and to meditate an immediate attack, but the troops at Cairo are fully prepared for battle.

The Maryland Legislative Committee told President Lincoln that he had the right and power to bring troops through Baltimore, and that as no immediate effort at secession or resistance would be made by Maryland, they hoped the State would be spared the evils of a military occupation.

The Governor of Massachusetts has called an extra session of the Legislature to meet May 14.

At the latest dates from Paris, no commissioners from the confederate States has presented themselves at the French Court. The State Department at Washington has instructed Minister Dayton to make known to that Court that the United States Government will not permit a dissolution of the Union.

The U. S. Government has seized the steamer Lancaster, which had been running between Havre de Grace and Baltimore.

By the pony express, we have later news from California. A clerk in the Legislature had been discharged for corruption. The settler difficulties at Santa Clara county look alarming. An Indian war is raging in Humboldt county, and the settlers seem determined to exterminate the savages.

The Legislature of Indiana has authorized the Governor to call out six regiments of volunteers for one year, to defend the State. They are all ready, and will be in camp by Tuesday.

Union meetings have been held at Wheeling and Clarksburg, Western Virginia, at which resistance to secession is taking an organized shape.

The army of Washington is to number 50,000. The troops of the Western States will operate at the west. Half a million dollars of specie arrived at Annapolis on Saturday from the north, in charge of 100 picked men, for the Government treasury.

The great seal of the State of Maryland is at Annapolis, while the Legislature sits at Frederick. It will therefore not be affixed to any secession ordinance. The Governor has no veto power. He says that the proposed board of public safety are sworn secessionists, and his personal enemies. The Senate has finally recommitted the bill, the public demonstrations against it being very alarming. The Union men consider it defeated, and are rejoicing. The Union feeling is gaining ground throughout the State, and a grand Union meeting will be held at Baltimore to-day.

The Governors of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin and Illinois, held a conference at Cleveland on Friday night.

The U. S. forces have seized the station near Baltimore, known as the Relay House, and are now in full command of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on which they have stopped the trains.

IMPORTANT FROM ANNAPOLIS
MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.
UNION MEETING AT ANNAPOLIS.
THE NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.
THE WAR PROGRAMME.
Baltimore to be Occupied by Thursday.
OPERATIONS SOON TO BE MADE TOWARDS RICHMOND.

ANNAPOLIS, Sunday, May 5.—The steamer Star of the South, under convoy of the Harriet Lane, touched here this morning. She has gone on to Washington with the New York 28th Regiment.

Two suspicious crafts, which are fitting out at Baltimore, will be overhauled in the Bay.

The Fifth New York Regiment are grading the railroad. Detachments of the Sixth and Eighth New York Regiments who were sent up the Severn river, have suffered greatly from cold and rain since Friday morning.

A large and enthusiastic Union meeting was held at Annapolis last night, in which a large number of prominent citizens participated. Resolutions to sustain the Government were passed. Dennis Claude, who fought a duel with General Scott, presided over the meeting. The appointment of a Board of Public Safety was strongly demanded.

Judge Mason, ex-Collector of Baltimore, attempted to offer a series of secession resolutions, but they were received with groans and hisses.

General Butler left here yesterday for the Relay House, whither the Sixth Massachusetts regiment and other troops also proceeded from Washington yesterday. Their immediate destination is doubtless Harper's Ferry. So much has transpired.

The revenue cutter Taney, Lieut. Crosby, with 60 regulars, and the steamer Thos. Sparks, with 34 men and a company of the 13th New York Regiment, with six pieces of artillery, under Lieut. Morton, went down the bay yesterday on special service; doubtless to retake the light boat near the mouth of the Potomac, which is said to have fallen into the hands of the secessionists. They will also cruise for privateers.

About one-third of the New Jersey troops are still here, on account of the delays on the railroad, caused by broken rails and other obstructions.

The garrison here is now composed of the N. Y. 13th, the artillery troops of the 8th N. Y. Regiment, and the 4th Pennsylvania Regiment. The steamer Columbia arrived here last night from New York.

De Geanval and Conner, who were arrested as spies, are still in the guard-house. The former will, in time, doubtless be released—but the case of Conner—the son of a respectable family in Annapolis, is peculiarly aggravated. He opened the despatches entrusted to him at Washington, and yesterday made confession to his priest, and requested to see the Commandant, Col. Smith, before he slept. His case is under consideration at the War Department in Washington.

A large number of transports are being collected.

It is generally believed here that a large force of the Federal troops will be in Baltimore by Thursday, and that active aggressive operations may soon be expected in the direction of Richmond, Va.

Legislative Items.

HARRISBURG, May 6—Gideon J. Ball introduced a bill in the House to-day, stating that James M. Mason, late Senator of Virginia, owns a large property in the State of Pennsylvania, and proposes that the Speaker appoint a Committee to investigate the facts, and if found to be true, enacting that whereas he has been guilty of treason, no conveyance or transfer of the same shall be acknowledged or recorded in this State.

Mr. Smith, of Berks Co., introduced a bill to permit the Pennsylvania Banks to extend the time for the resumption of specie payments until the meeting of the Legislature in January next.

Congressional Election Ordered in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, May 3—Gov. Magoffin has issued a proclamation ordering the election of Kentucky Representatives to Congress on the 30th day of June.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1861.

It is a mistake to suppose that *all* the religious anniversaries are to be postponed this year, on account of the war. Only two societies have resolved to postpone their meetings, and these are the Anti-slavery Society, and the Women's Rights Association. All the others will take place just as usual, and so far from the distracted state of the country diminishing their interest, it is expected that the contrary will be the case. The American Seamen's Friends Society meet on Monday evening; the American and Foreign Christian Union, and the Sunday School Union, Tuesday morning and evening; the American Tract Society, Wednesday morning; the Home Missionary Society, Wednesday evening; Bible Society and Colinization Societies, Thursday; and American Board of Foreign Missions on Friday.

A special meeting of the Metropolitan Home Guard was held on Friday at the Astor House, for the purpose of giving a formal reception to Vice-President Hamlin, Ex Governor Stanton, of Kansas, and Senator Foote of Vermont. Owing to an engagement of the Vice-President elsewhere, however, he was unable to appear. Stirring speeches were made by Messrs. Stanton and Foote. The former, in the course of his remarks, said:

"There was no hostile feeling at the North to the South. If, while in the Union, one of those Southern States were threatened by a servile insurrection, he believed that 20,000 bayonets in the hands of citizens would be raised in a fraternal spirit to defend its people. The speaker here related a circumstance which recently occurred. A negro, one of a party who had escaped into Pennsylvania, while in conversation with a Pennsylvanian, boasted that when the whites of the South had proceeded to the several scenes of battle with the North, the negroes would take possession of the white women; but the negro was shot on the spot by the Pennsylvanian, and that was the answer he received. [Loud applause.] That represented the true state of feeling in the North. The truth was, that the South had been disappointed in its ambition. The aspirations of its leading men, to rule the Government, were not attained; and that was the real cause of the secession movement. ["That's so" and applause.]

Mayor Wood likewise addressed the crowd; but the only thing remarkable in his speech was its artistic non-committalism.

Divine service was held at Castle Garden on Sunday, the congregation consisting of the Zouave Firemen and their friends. The Chaplain of the Regiment was the preacher. His discourse was mainly directed to the inculcation of the Christian duties of mercy and charity upon his hearers, and it seemed to be attentively listened to. The Chaplain says he is agreeably disappointed in the moral susceptibilities of these firemen soldiers—although he was a little "put out" last night, when, in the midst of a serious discourse, and at a moment when he thought he had touched the consciences of his auditory, one of them, in terms more forcible than polite, told him to dry up.

An attempt was made to get up divine service for the benefit of Billy Wilson's Regiment down on Staten Island, but only with indifferent success, I am sorry to hear. The boys will like it better, though, it is believed, after they get a little more used to it. Both these regiments are in hourly expectation of orders to sail. The firemen, it is said, will be sent to Alexandria, but Wilson says he is bound to go through Baltimore.

I have been at some pains to ascertain what truth there is in the "sensation" story published in the morning papers of Saturday, that the secessionists had in contemplation a plot to burn down New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and am obliged to come to the conclusion that the whole affair is an unmitigated *yarn*, concocted by the penny a-liners, who hang about the office of the Superintendent of Police. Superintendent Kennedy even, who is credulous enough to believe almost anything, laughs at it; but romances of that character are of too wicked a character to be laughed at. Better ferret out the author or authors of them, and punish them, whose only object is to keep the public mind in a feverish excitement, and to create the impression that our enemies are a thousand times worse than they really are. Don't be surprised if the next yarn should be, that the Croton Water has been poisoned at its source, with a view to kill every man, woman and child on Manhattan Island.

A great event among Church people will be the obsequies of the late Bishop Onderdonk, at Old Trinity, on Tuesday. Many of the clergy and laity from remote portions of the Diocese will be present. At the preliminary meeting of the clergy, to-morrow afternoon, to pass the usual resolutions of respect, etc., I understand, several of the Philadelphia clergy will be present.

An article in the Churchman of last week, in regard to the alleged unkind treatment of the deceased Bishop, by certain high dignitaries of the church, I may say here, is occasioning much remark with others, as well as Episcopalians. Among other things, it is charged that the Provisional Bishop, though apprised that Bishop Onderdonk's illness was likely to prove fatal, never went near him; but the Churchman, in this matter, may be uncharitable, in which case, the Provisional and his friends have their revenge, for the Churchman itself is dead, the publication being suspended, "owing to the distracted state of the country, and the difficulty of obtaining remittances."

Some two or three of the theatres will keep their doors open during the week, but if they are not better supported than they have been for some time past, they will wind up the business of the season on Saturday next.

Steamships City of Washington for Liverpool, and Bavaria, for Southampton and Bremen, sailed on Saturday full of passengers and heavy cargoes, consisting chiefly of breadstuffs and provisions.

The week closed with considerable activity in the money market, owing to the heavy payments falling due on Friday and Saturday. Many notes had to go by default, but still, the number of failures in this respect are fewer than were looked for. There are no applications at Bank for new loans, merchants having no occasion for money in the present stagnant condition of general trade.

COTTON.—The market is dull. Some sales were made at 13¼ a 13¾ cents for middling uplands.

FLOUR.—Western and State flour is in good demand, and the market is steady. 10,000 bbls. were sold at $5 10 a 5 15 for superfine State and Western; $5 26a5 25 for extra State; $5 30a5 40 for the low grades of Western extra, and $5 45a5 65 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour continues in fair request; 900 bbls. changed hands at $5 70 a 6 40 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $6 75 a 8 75 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is selling at $3 10 a 4. Corn Meal is in good supply; 250 bbls. were sold at $3 15 a 3 20 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat is dull and heavy; we hear of sales of 35,000 bushels at 123 a 126c. for Milwaukee Club; 127 a 129c. for Red State; 147 a 150c. for white State, and 155 a 167c. for white Michigan. Rye is heavy at 67 a 68c. Oats are without any material change. Corn is in fair demand, but the market is quiet; 27,000 bushels changed hands at 65 a 68c. for old mixed Western, and 65 a 67c. for new mixed Western.

PROVISIONS—The market for Pork is more active; 2000 bbls. were sold at $13 a 13 25 for Prime, and $17 50 a 18 00 for Mess. Beef continues steady; 1000 bbls. were sold at $5 75 a 6 20 for country Mess, and $10 a 11 00 for repacked Mess. Lard is quiet at 9 a 9¾c. Butter and Cheese are steady.

WHISKY—Is in fair demand; 400 bbls. were sold at 17½ a 17¾c.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The fifteen million loan of the Southern Confederacy, notwithstanding the continued asseverations of the Southern press that it was subscribed for with avidity, and to an amount far above the sum required, seems to hang fire. Charleston was announced with a great flourish to have taken three millions—but it was only on paper. At New Orleans, the people were represented to have been so greedy after it that they fairly overran the agent in their demands for it. This, however, was "by telegraph." The New Orleans papers tell a somewhat different story. The Picayune makes a highly patriotic appeal to capitalists to come forward, closing with an intimation that they had better come down with their dollars or leave the State. The Crescent, also, has a similar appeal, closing with a similar threat. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have generously, and from patriotic motives, agreed to anticipate the payment of the semi-annual dividend due on the 15th inst. on the amount of the City's stock in that company, payable on the order and the pleasure of the City Treasurer. The amount payable on this account is $120,000. Everywhere, on all sides, we see manifestations of the same patriotic spirit to sustain the Government against rebellion. How different is the feeling South.

We have from the Philadelphia Custom House a comparative statement of the cash duties received at this port for the month of April, and for the same month of the previous years 1859 and 1860:

APRIL.	1859.	1860.	1861.
Merchandise in Warehouse, April 1	473,532	691,330	1,200,635
Received in Warehouse from foreign ports	271,620	229,819	242,341
" other districts	11,773	49,367	43,490
Withdrawn from Warehouse for consumption	165,931	203,307	183,078
" transportation	16,756	7,511	16,497
" export	550	4,395	3,060
Remaining in Warehouse April 30	573,688	755,303	1,283,931
Dutiable merchandise entered for consum. direct	916,521	869,713	604,651
Free goods entered	350,324	233,000	441,753

DUTIES RECEIVED.

	1858.	1859.	1860.	1861.
April	117,5822	207,334	225,951	158,421
Prev. 3 months	497,976	616,000	715,723	533,174
	$615,558	823,334	941,674	691,595

The Banks of New York and of this city, as is known, have adopted the mutual specie arrangement and the issue of loan certificates on bills receivable. The Boston banks, we understand, contemplate doing likewise. The bank specie reserve of the three cities is about $52,000,000, which, added to the $10,500,000 in the Sub-Treasury, makes a formidable basis for carrying out the patriotic designs of our moneyed institutions, and at the same time do justice to the commercial necessities of the period. This large supply of specie will be further increased the latter part of this month by remittances from Europe. Most of the transactions in exchange by the Niagara were with the view of importing specie.

We understand that three or four of our city banks contemplate the issue of small notes, under the late law of the Legislature. It is hoped that this report may not be true, and the more sincerely hoped from the fact that there is not here in Philadelphia the slightest necessity for them, if, indeed, there be any anywhere. Our banks are plentifully supplied with specie, and we have no doubt much better than they will be after the issue of small bills. The law authorizing small notes was not understood to apply to the city banks, and it was not supposed that any one of them would venture to so far brave public sentiment as to avail themselves of its provisions. The country banks having very limited deposits on which to discount have recourse to circulation as a source of banking profits, and as small notes remain out longer than bills of the larger denominations, the banks have been for years pressing the Legislature to authorize small notes. The city banks have a large line of deposits, an unusually heavy amount of specie, and limited offerings of the desired character, and for any one of them under these circumstances to have recourse to small notes, it strikes us, may be construed into an evidence of weakness anything but enviable. The law authorizing small notes by even the country banks is very objectionable on many grounds, but their issue by any of the city banks is wholly inexcusable.

The deposits of gold at the United States Mint, in Philadelphia, for the month of April, from all sources, amounted to $3,284,951. The silver deposits and purchases for the same time were $217,501—making an aggregate of gold and silver, of $3,502,453. During the month, 692,000 copper cents were received in exchange for the new nickle. The gold coinage amounted to $4,489,751, being almost entirely confined to double eagles and eagles. The silver coinage amounted to $179,020, the most of it in quarters, halves and dimes. The number of cents coined were 1,300,000, of the value of $13,000. The total number of pieces coined during the month were 2,367,937, of the value of $4,681,771.

The money market reflects increased caution in mercantile discounts, and the business out side of bank is almost brought to a stand by the suspensions of last week and the distrust which they create in nearly all single name paper. The same cause reduces the the ability of the New York importers to remit ahead, and the trade demand for exchange for Wednesday's mail is likely to be very moderate. Bankers', 104½ a 105 on London; good merchant bills, 104 a 104½ per cent. This condition of the exchange and the reduced price of money in London will probably give this country $5,000,000 of English gold in all the month of May. Such is the opinion of some of the more intelligent bankers and bullion brokers.

Maryland currency, in consequence of the new designs of the secessionists of that State, is again 5 per cent. discount. Baltimore money passes no better than that of the country banks of Maryland; the latter, in fact are considered the safest at this time. Exchange on Chicago is quoted 7 a 8 per cent., but the supply, as yet, was small at these figures. St. Louis is reported 10 per cent.

We learn from later advices from Columbus that no bill has been reported in the Ohio Legislature authorizing the banks to suspend specie payments, that the banks of the State are all opposed to such a measure, that they are on a firm basis and secure, and that, by a law of Ohio, in the course of two or three years all the payments made in or out of the State treasury must be in specie.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday, as corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia:

	Par	Bid	Ask
LOANS.			
U States 6s	100	–	–
Treas Notes	100	–	–
Penna 6s	100	..	..
" 5s	100	74	75
" 5s op	100	–	..
Philada 6s o	100	–	89
" R	100	..	89
" G Ln	100	89	89½
" N Ln	100	95	96
" coup'n	100	96	96
" 5s	100	–	..
Pittsb'g m 6s	100	–	–
" 6s R	100	–	–
Alleg City 6s	100	–	..
" co R	100	–	..
Camden 6s	100	..	..
Tenn 5s	100	..	45
Cincinna 6s	100	..	92½
Missouri 6s	100	..	–
St Louis bds	100	..	–
BANKS.			
N Amer Bk	100	..	..
Philadelp'a	100	102	108
Far & Mec	50	–	..
Commercial	50	..	43
N Liberties	50	..	55
Mechanics'	20	21	22¾
Southwark	50	60	70
Kensington	50	–	58
Penn Town	35	–	33
Girard	50	–	38
Western	50	–	55½
Manu & Mec	25	–	–
Commerce	50	–	–
Tradesm's	50	..	..
City	50	–	38
Consolidat'n	25	–	20
Commonw'h	50	..	40
Corn Exch	30	..	..
Union	40	..	25
Camden	50	50	–
" Far & M	100	..	–
Germant'n	50	40	–
Miner's Ptts	50	–	..
Trenton B C	50	40	–
Bk Pittsb'g	50	40	–
Mer & Manu	50	–	..
Exchange	50	..	..
Kentucky	100	..	90
" North	100	..	100
" South	100	–	..
Louisville	100	–	100
Farmers'	100	–	..
Tenn Union	100	–	65
" Plants'	100	–	80
INSUR CO.			
N America	10	10	..
Penna	200	–	240
Life & Annui	100	–	..
Girard L & T	25	–	31½
Amer Fire	75	–	..
Penna	100	..	..
Franklin	100	160	250
County	50	–	–
CANALS.			
Sch Nav shs	50	..	..
" prfd	50	11⅞	12
" loan '72	100	76	..
" loan '82	100	–	65
" boat ln	100	–	..
" imp ln	100	–	..
" 1876	100	..	..
Leh Nav shs	50	48¼	48¾
" Scrip	50	30	31
" 6 per ct	100	..	100¼
Morris Canl	100	42	48
" prefd	100	102¼	104
" bds	100	84	..
" 2d mtg	100	–	..
Ches & Del	200	–	..
" 6s '86	100	–	–
Union C shs	50	–	..
" pref 6s	50	..	..
" bonds	100	10	..

	Par	Bid	Ask
Susq & Tide	50	..	..
" bds '78	100	..	..
Del Div Cnl	50	33	37
" bonds	100	..	..
RAILROADS			
Cam & Am R	100	107½	108
" 6s '64	100	..	..
" 6s '64	100	–	..
" 6s '67	100	..	90
" 6s '70	100	–	..
" 6s '75	100	–	..
" 6s '83	100	..	80
" 6s '89	100	76	80
" 6s '63	100	..	..
Phil & Trn R	100	..	..
" bds '68	100	89	..
Penna R	50	36½	36¾
" 6s 1st m	100	..	100
" 2d mtg	100	82	..
L Schuyl R	50	..	..
" 6s	100	..	..
" 7s	100	..	..
Del R m bds	100	–	..
" guar	100	..	..
Beaver M R	50	53	55
" pref 10	50	..	..
Phil. G & N R	50	47	47½
" 6s	100	..	..
Reading R	50	18⅛	18¼
" pf stk	50	26	..
" m 6s '43	100	85	..
" m 6s '44	100	–	..
" " 6s '48	100	..	..
" m 6s '70	100	78	80
" m 6s '86	100	65	67
Minehill R	50	52	..
H'rMJ&LR	50	50½	51
" R bs '83	100	..	..
N Penna R	50	—	8
" 6s	100	54	56
" 10s	100	..	90
Sha V & Pts	50	..	..
Phil & Sun 7s	100	..	75
Chester V R	50	–	..
" 7s	100	..	30
Lehigh V R	50	42	43
" 6s	50	85	..
Elmira & W	100	–	..
" prefd	50	..	..
" bds 7s	100	..	62
" 10s	100	..	..
Catawiss R	50	..	..
" pfd	100	4	7
" 10s	100	..	..
Phil W & B R	50	27½	..
" bds '83	100	..	..
" loan	100	85	90
Phil & Erie	100	..	..
" bds	100	–	..
" scrip	100	–	..
Cum Val R	50	..	..
L Island R	50	8¼	8¾
" 6s	100	..	..
W Chester 7s	100	–	..
CITY P. R.			
Second St R	20	39	40
" 1st m 7s	100	92½	93
" 2d m 7s	100	–	..
Germant'n	8	..	..
Fifth & 6th R	50	–	41
" 7s	100	..	91
Tenth St	20	..	..
Spruce St R	8	5	8
Chesnut St R	10	..	..
W Philad R	50	55	58
" 7s	100	..	..
Arch St R	20	..	..
Race St R	18	6¼	8
" 7s	100	..	..
Green St R	15	..	14
" 7s	100	70	..
MISCELLA's			
Acad of M	100	..	..
Philada Ex	100	..	60
Pa & Lh Zinc	50	..	..

New York Stocks.

	Par	Bid	Ask
N Y Cen R	100	72	72¼
Ill Cen R	100	–	61¼
Rock Isl R	100	–	37¼
Gal & Chi R	100	–	58⅜
Mich South	100	–	13¼
Cleve & Tol	50	–	24⅛

Baltimore Stocks.

	Par	Bid	Ask
Balt City 6s	100	–	
Maryland 6s	100	–	
Balt R 6s '85	100	–	
" shs	100	–	
N Cen R shs	50	–	
" 6s	100	–	

One of the strongest points of the New York market is the continued firmness in the Government securities. The advance in these may in part be attributed to the design of the Secretary of the Treasury to fall back upon the privilege of issuing Treasury notes, but it is very evident at the same time the more confident position of the Administration is not without its influence. The improvement extends to the fives of 1871, which are 1 to 1½ per cent. higher. We quote:

The Managers of the Erie Road contemplate making an assessment of $2 50 per share on the stock, and an equal amount on the unsecured bonds of the company, for the purpose of paying the back interest on the mortgage bonds. The reorganization of this company will probably be completed next week.

The stated annual meeting of the stockholders of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company will be held on Tuesday, the 7th instant, at 11 o'clock, after which an election for officers of the company will be held, to close at 2 P. M. of the same day.

	Bid.	Asked.
United States 6s, 1867	83	—
" " 6s, 1868, (coupon)	87½	—
" " 5s, 1865	80	—
" " 5s, 1874, (registered)	76¼	—
" " 5s 1874, (coupon)	75¾	76⅞
" " 5s, 1871	76	76½
" " 6s, 1881, (registered)	89	89
" " 6s, 1881, (coupon)	87	87
" " Treasury notes, 12 p. ct	101	101¼
" " " 11	100	—
" " " 10½	—	100
" " " 1½	99	99¾
" " " 10½	99	—
" " " 10	98	—
" " " 5¾	97⅞	98¼
" " " 6	—	99¾

The Border State stocks have not improved, but on the contrary are weaker. The quotations are:

	Bid.	Ask.		Bid.	Ask.
Missouri 6s	39	39¾	Georgia 6s	51	—
Tennessee 6s	46¼	47	Kentucky 6s	75	80
Virginia 6s	45½	46	Ohio 6s, '70	94	95
California 7s	71	72	Ohio 6s, '75	95	100
N Carolina 6s	56	56¾	Ohio 6s, '86	95	100
Indiana 5s	—	84	Illinois stocks	—	100
Indiana 2½ p ct	—	—	N Y State 5s, '74	—	97½
Michigan 6s	—	95	N Y State 7s, '64	—	104
Louisiana 6s	46	69	N Y State 6s, '73	—	104

Railroad bonds are without noticeable alteration. Western securities are barely sustained, especially the low-priced descriptions. Money is easy on call, but even prime paper is difficult of negotiation outside of bank at 7 a 10 per cent.

The New York Express says: "Currency without exception can be used at better rates, and every department of business depending upon the West is improving. Currency in Wisconsin and Illinois is getting scarce, at a time when much needed, and more must be created by the revival of confidence in the suspended list of banks, or by the issues of new banks. The increase, from whatever source, will be upon a sound basis, and will be followed by no sudden breakdown."

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 6.—The sales of Beef Cattle at A. J. Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard during the past week, amounted to 1127 head. The prices realized were from $7 to 8 per cwt., for ordinary, and from $8 50 to 9 50 for extra. 40 Cows were sold at from $23 to 30 per head for Springers, and those with Calves from $28 to 37 per head. 3100 Sheep sold at from $4 to 4 50 per cwt., gross, for the stall, while wool Sheep sold at $5 a 5 50. 1440 Hogs were sold at from $6 to 7 per cwt., net. The arrivals at Imhoff's Union Hog Yard amounted to 2904 Hogs. Still-fed sold at from $6 to 6 50, and from that to $7 per cwt., net, for corn-fed.

Hay Market.—Five hundred loads of Hay were sold during the past week. The prices realized were from 70 to 80 cents per cwt. for the common quality, and from 85 to 90 cents for the best. Thirty loads of straw were sold at from 80 to 95 cents per cwt.

ALLEGHENY, (near Pittsburg,) May 2.—Beeves—The total number offered foots up 498 head; 287 were sold at prices ranging from 3¼ to 4½c per lb., gross; balance left over and sent east. Sheep—433 head were offered; all sent east. Hogs—about 1045 head were offered, and 141 sold at from $3 50 to 4 98 per 100 lbs. Horses—about 50 head were sent east for the United States army.

CINCINNATI, May 1.—Cattle.—The supply of beef cattle has been quite light during the week, and prices advanced 25 cents. The market closes firm at $2 a 2 25 for common, $2 50 a 2 75 for fair, $3 a 3 25 for good, and $3 50 for prime, gross. Hogs—The current rates are $3 25 a 3 50 for slop, and $3 50 a 3 75 for corn fatted—some extra large bringing $4, gross. Sheep in fair demand at $2 50 a 4, gross.

NEW YORK, May 1.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows: Beef Cattle—First quality, per cwt., $8 a 9; ordinary do., $7 50 a 8; common do., $6 50 a 7; inferior do., $6 a 6 50. Cows and Calves.—First quality, $55 a 60; ordinary do., $40 a 50; common do., $30 a 35; inferior do., $25 a 30. Veal Calves.—First quality, per lb., 5 a 5½c; ordinary do., 4½ a 5; common do., 4 a 4½; inferior do., 3 a 3½. Sheep and Lambs.—Prime quality per head, $4 50 a 5; ordinary do., $4 a 4 50; common do., $3 50 a 4; inferior do., $2 50 a 3 25. Swine.—First quality, 5 a 5½c; other qualities, 4 a 4½. The receipts moderate, and demand accordingly pretty good, and holders were thus enabled to obtain full prices for all kinds. The bulk of the offerings were good, and commanded from 8 to 9 cents—the majority selling at 8½ cents for prime.

BRIGHTON, (near Boston,) May 1.—At market, 900 Beeves, 60 Stores, 2100 Sheep and Lambs, and 1500 Swine. Prices.—Market Beef—Extra, $6 75; first quality, $6 50; second quality, $6; third quality, $4 75 a 5 50. Sheep and Lambs—$1 25 a 1 75; extra, $2, 3, 4 a 5 50. Swine—Stores—Wholesale, 6 a 7c; retail, 6 a 8c.; spring pigs 10c.

CAMBRIDGE, May 1.—At market about 375 Beeves. Prices of Market Beef.—Extra, $6 50 a 7; first quality, $6 25; second quality, $5 50; third do., $4. Sheep and Lambs—2185 at market. Prices in lots, $1 50, 1 75 a 2 each. Extra, from $2, 3 50 a 5, or from 3 a 5½c per lb.

PRICES OF FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The following were the prices of Flour, Wheat, Grain and Oats, at the several points named, at the latest dates received:

	Flour.	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
Philadelphia	5 68	1 40	65	34
New York	5 25	1 33	68	34
Buffalo	5 12	1 15	58	28
Cleveland	4 20	1 15	44	26
Wilmington, Del	5 50	1 40	68	34
Richmond	8 50	1 30	65	34
Cincinnati	4 75	1 15	34	30
Trenton, N. J.	5 25	1 35	68	33
St. Louis	5 00	1 30	48	31
Baltimore	7 25	1 30	61	31
Albany	5 50	1 30	68	35
Alexandria, Va	8 50	1 37	75	33
Boston	5 50	—	75	37
New Orleans	5 30	—	54	35
Pittsburg	5 10	1 12	40	23
Louisville	5 15	1 10	57	50¼
Chicago	4 55	90	46	20
Rochester	5 60	1 25	64	36
Detroit	4 50	1 20	56	34
Toledo	4 50	1 20	50	37
Milwaukie	4 00	77	54	37

PHILAD'A WHOLESALE MARKET.

Business generally continues dull and neglected, without much alteration in any of the leading articles. Breadstuffs are bringing better prices. Coal is rather more active, but iron is dull. Cotton is held above the views of buyers. Groceries are quiet and prices favor the buyers. Provisions—Very little doing, and prices generally are lower. *Bark*—Some 70 hhds Quercitron sold at $26 50 per ton for 1st No. 1. The inspections last month reached 312 hhds. *Beeswax*—Good yellow is scarce at 32c. per lb. *Coal*—Meets with a fair demand to go East, at about previous quoted rates, but to the South there is nothing doing. Vessels are getting scarce. *Coffee*—Prices favor the buyers; 3000 bags, mostly Rio, sold within the range of 10¾ a 14c for low grade and prime quality, and small lots of Laguayra at 14¾ a 15c. all on the usual terms, the market closing dull. *Copper*—Is dull and neglected, and but little doing in Sheathing or Yellow Metal. *Cotton*—The sales reach some 200 a 300 bales at from 11¾ to 14¼ a 15c, for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and 4 months. Manufacturers are not buying, except in a very small way. *Fish*—Sales of Mackerel at $14 50 a 15 50 for 1s, as to size, $8 50 and 10 50 a $11 for medium, and large 2s, and $4 75, 5 50 and 7 50 a $8 per bbl for small, medium and large 3s. Pickled Herring, $2 50 a $3 per bbl. Nothing doing in Dry Cod. *Fruit*—Sales of some 5000 boxes Oranges and Lemons on terms kept private. Nothing doing in other articles. Domestic dried fruit is selling slowly. *Flour and Meal*—There has been a fair demand for Flour and prices are 25c. per bbl. better, with sales of 8000 a 9000 bbls. at $5 37½ a 5 62½ for common mixed Western and good Penna superfine; $5 62½ up to $6 per bbl for extras, and from $6 to 6 75 for common to choice extra family; 1700 bbls fancy western do. at $6 75; 1000 bbls on terms kept private, and 600 bbls. Brandywine at $6 25, the market closing firm. Rye Flour has been steady at $3 50 per bbl. Corn Meal—Sales of Penna Meal at $2 75 per bbl. The receipts are light and the market firm. *Grain*—About 38,000 bushels fair to prime Penna reds sold at $1 33 a 1 36, closing at $1 35 afloat and white at from $1 38 to 1 47. Rye has been selling at 6?c for Penna. Corn—Sales of 40,000 bushels, mostly prime Southern yellow, at from 62 to 65c. in store and afloat, and white at 64 a 66c. Oats—About 20,000 bushels sold at 32½ a 33c. for Southern, and 33½ a 35c for Penna, in store and afloat. Barley is dull at 60c. Sales of Mill Feed at $16½ per ton. *Ginseng*—Prices are nominally unchanged. *Guano*—The demand is less active. *Hemp*—Is quiet, the manufacturers doing very little. *Hops*—Prices range at 18 a 25c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are very dull. *Iron*—Continues dull and no new contracts for Pig metal have been made public. Prices are nominal at $20 a 21 for No. 2, and $21 a 22 for No. 1 Anthracite, on time. Of Scotch Pig we hear of no sales. In manufactured Iron there is some little movement for army purposes. *Lead*—Galena is offered at $5 50 the 100 lbs., cash, without finding buyers. *Lumber*—White Pine Boards range at $12½ a 17; yellow sap do at $12 a 13, and Hemlock raft Lumber at $6 a 7 per M. Laths and Shingles are steady. *Molasses*—Sales of Cuba at 18 a 20c; 12 hhds Muscovado molasses sold at 18¼ a 19c. 4 months; 10 do Cardenas at 16c cash. *Naval Stores*—Sales of Spirits Turpentine at 35 a 36c per gallon. Sales of Rosin at from $1 75 a 2 50 up to $3 50 for common to No. 2 and No. 1, and $5 per bbl for fine, which is very scarce. Tar at $3 50 a 3 75, and Pitch at $3 a 3 50 per bbl. *Oils*—Are quiet, with a small business in Sperm, Whale and Lard Oil. Linseed is selling at 54 a 55c. weight, and 57c measure. *Plaster*—We quote soft at $2 75 a $3 per ton. *Potatoes*—The receipts are large and prices are declining; sales of mixed and common kinds at 55 to 60c; good Mercers 70c. per bus. *Provisions*—Barrelled meats sell slowly at $19 a 19 50 for mess Pork, and $15 per bbl for city mess Beef. Bacon is nominally unchanged, hams at 11 a 12½c.; sides 10c., and Shoulders at 8c. Sales of green meats at 9 a 9½c for hams in salt and pickle, 9 a 9½c for sides in salt, and 6¾ a 7c for shoulders, usual terms. Lard is held at 10 a 10½c for tierces and bbls and 11 a 11½c for kegs. Butter is dull at 12 a 14c for roll, and 9 a 9½c for packed. Cheese, no change. Eggs are quoted at 8 a 10c per dozen. *Rice*—Is firm at 5¾ to 6½c for common to prime lots, on the usual credit. *Seeds*—We quote Clover nominally at $4 25 a 4 75; Timothy $2 a 2 25, and Flaxseed at $1 45 a 1 50 per bus, and very quiet. *Spirits*—N. E. Rum is steady at 30 a 32c; Whisky is rather lower; sales of bbls at 17½ a 18c for Penna and Western; Drudge at 16¾ a 17c and hhds at 17 a 17½c. *Sugars*—Sales of some 600 hhds, chiefly Cubas for refining, at 4½ a 5¾c., and Porto Rico at 5¾ a 6⅛c., on time. Refined Sugars are dull. *Tallow*—Is lower. City rendered is quoted at 9 a 9¼c., and country at 8¼ a 8½c. and very little selling. *Tobacco*—Most of the dealers are fully supplied with both leaf and manufactured. *Wool*—The low grades are selling more freely at the East for the manufacture of army clothing. Some of the mills here are about commencing operations for the same purpose.

BANK NOTE TABLE.

Corrected by Boyd & Bates, 18 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 6, 1861.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Phila. City Banks,	par
Allegheny Bank,	4 dis
Allentown Bank,	par
Anthracite Bank,	2½ dis
Bank Beaver Co,	1 dis
" Catasaqua,	par
" Chamb'sb'g,	2½ dis
" Chester Co,	par
" Chester Valley,	par
" Com., Erie,	..
" Danville,	2½ dis
" Delaware Co,	par
" Gettysburg,	2½ dis
" Lawrence Co,	..
" Middletown,	2½ dis
" Montgm'y Co,	par
" Northumb'd,	2½ dis
" Penna.,	70 to 75 dis
" Pittsburg,	4 dis
" Pottstown,	2½ dis
Cen'l Bk Hollidays'g,	..
Citizens' Bk Pitts'g,	4 dis
Columbia Bank,	2½ dis
Crawford Co. Bank,	..
Meadville,	15 dis
Doylestown Bank,	par
Easton Bk, Easton,	par
Erie Bank, Erie,	5 dis
" City Bk, Erie,	5 dis
Ex. Bk. Pittsburg,	4 dis
Farm's Bk. Bucks Co,	par
" " Lancas'r,	par
" " Read'g,	2½ dis
" " Schl. Co	2½ dis
Far. & Drovers' Bk,	2½ dis
Far. & Mechanics' Bank, Easton,	par
Frank'a Bk, Wash.	par
Harrisburg Bank,	2½ dis
Honesdale Bank,	2½ dis
Iron City Bk, Pitts.,	4 dis
Jersey Shore Bank,	3½ dis
Kittanning Bank,	..
Lancaster Bank,	4 dis
" Co. Bank,	par
Lebanon Bank,	2½ dis
" Valley Bk	2½ dis
Lewisburg Bank,	2½ dis
Lock Haven Bank,	2½ dis
Mauch Chunk Bank,	par
M'Kean Co. Bank,	..
Mech. Bk. Pittsb'g,	4 dis
Mer. & Man. Bk. do,	4 dis
Miners' Bk. Potts'e,	par
Monongahela Valley Bank,	..
Monongahela Bank	4 dis
N. W. Bk. Warren,	5 dis
Octorora Bk, Oxford,	par
Shamokin Bank,	..
Stroudsburg Bank,	2½ dis
Tioga Co. Bank,	5 dis
Union Bk, Reading,	2½ dis
Warren Co. Bank,	..
West Branch Bk,	2½ dis
Wyoming Bank, Wilkesbarre,	2½ dis
York Bank, York,	2½ dis
" County Bank,	2½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solvent Banks,	15 to 20 dis
Bk of Manassa,	.. dis
Bk of Weston,	.. dis
Trans-Allegheny,	.. dis
Bk of Kanawha,	.. dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solvent Banks,	¼ dis
DELAWARE.	
Solvent Bks,	par to 1 dis

NEW YORK.	
Solvent Bks,	par
Hollister Bk, Buff'o,	3 dis
Hamilton Ex. Bk,	25 dis
Pratt Bk, Buffalo,	15 dis
Ontario Bank,	30 dis
Sackett's Harb. Bk,	20 dis
Reciprocity Bank,	20 dis
Yates Co. Bank,	.. dis
VERMONT.	
Solvent Banks,	¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solvent Banks,	¼ dis
Mt. Vernon Bank,	.. dis
R. I. Central Bank,	.. dis
Bank of South Co,	50 dis
Bk. of the Republic,	.. dis
Hopkinton Bank,	25 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solvent Banks,	¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solvent Banks,	¼ dis
MAINE.	
Solvent Banks,	¼ dis
Monson River Bk,	.. dis
Maritime Bank,	.. dis
Hancock, Ellsworth,	.. dis
Bank Hallowell,	.. dis
Norembega Bank,	.. dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore,	5 dis
Solvent Bks,	6 to 10 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Free Banks,	25 to 50 dis
INDIANA.	
State bk Branches	3 to 6 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solvent Bks,	par to ½ dis
DISTRICT COLUMBIA.	
Solvent Banks,	.. dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent Banks,	20 to 25 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent Banks,	50 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All Banks,	uncertain
GEORGIA.	
Solvent Banks,	50 dis
Manufacturers' Bk, Macon,	..
Bk. Mid., Ga., Man,	..
Bank of Athens,	..
ALABAMA.	
Solvent Banks,	50 dis
LOUISIANA.	
Solvent Banks,	25 to 30 dis
OHIO.	
Solvent Banks,	3 to 5 dis
Canal Bk, Clevel'd,	.. dis
Seneca Bk, Tiffin,	.. dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solvent Banks,	10 to 15 dis
Kentucky Trust Co,	failed
MISSOURI.	
Solvent Banks,	..
TENNESSEE.	
Solvent Bks,	25 dis
MICHIGAN.	
All Solvent Bks,	8 to 10 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All Banks,	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Free Banks,	25 to 50 dis
TEXAS.	
Com. & Ag. Galv'n,	.. dis
CANADA.	
Solvent Banks,	3 dis
NEWBRUNSWICK.	
Solvent Banks,	10 dis

Rates very unsettled.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON, as a Wash for the Complexion has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin; removing Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, &c., curing Chapped Hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of Mosquitoes and other annoying insects. Prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston. Price, 50 cents per bottle. For sale everywhere.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, 28th ult., in the Church of the Evangelists, by Rev. John Woart, Mr. WM. McGARY to Miss RHODA O'NEILL PHILLIPS. *906

On the [illegible] inst., by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Rector of the Church of the Evangelists, at his residence, No. [illegible] street, Mr. HOWARD BROWN to Mrs. CATHARINE [illegible]ECK all of this city. *607

On the [illegible] instant, by Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOHN COOK, of [illegible]'s Grove, N. J., to Miss ELIZABETH B. LINN, of this city. *403

March 14th, 1861, by Rev. Dr. Townsend, No. 1029 Vine street, Mr. RICHARD BROWN to Miss CLARA M., daughter of Joseph Robensack, Esq., of Bristol, Pa. *963

On the 30th ult., by the Rev. T. J. Sheppard, Mr. JOHN Y. BALDWIN, of Newark, N. J., to Miss ELIZABETH ZIMMERMAN, of Philadelphia. *428

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. Henry Darling, GAYLORD WATSON, of New York, to ANNIE E., daughter of the late Wm. Stewart, of this city. [New York papers please copy.] *135

In Philadelphia, on Thursday, May 2d, by Rev. James G. Shinn, Mr. HENRY C. BURDGE to Miss EMMA L. TWAY, all of this city. *916

April 21, 1861, by Rev. B. M. Tillotson, Mr. JOHN W. GEIGER to Miss ADALINE FOSTER. *939

April 30, 1861, by Rev. B. M. Tillotson, FREDERICK A. MYTENGER to Miss LOUISA M. ZELLEY. *910

April 21st, 1861, by Rev. Joseph Perry, Mr. JEVCIENT SEMERTEEN, of Samagal, Ireland, to Miss SARAH A. THOMAS, of Delaware, U. S. *164

On January 8th, 1861, by Rev. Mr. Bunker, Blockley, Mr. MARTIN MARS, of Lower Marion, Montgomery county, to Miss ANNE E. BROWN, of Philadelphia. *129

April 30th, at Frankford, by the Rev. Father O'Conner, Mr. DANIEL J. FERRY to Miss MAGGIE ANASTASIA McCLAIN youngest daughter of Alexander McClain. [N.Y. papers please copy.] *875

On Thursday evening, the 2d inst., by Rev. Dr. Dales, Mr. WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN to Miss MATILDA McLAUGHLIN, both of this city. *852

DIED.

BAKER.—On the 2d inst., Mrs. MAGGIE BAKER, wife of John H. Baker, in the 20th year of her age.

BARNETT.—On the 2d instant, JOSEPH, son of Joseph and Mary C. Barnett, and grandson of Thos and Sarah H. Merritt, aged 2 years and 10 months.

CARTY.—On the 3d inst., Mrs. ANNA M. CARTY, wife of James H. Carty, daughter of Henry and Sarah H. Wearer, in her 25th year of her age.

CROTHERS.—On the 2d inst., EMELINE, wife of James Crothers, and daughter of the late Thomas and Catherine Ott, in the 32d year of her age.

GALLOWAY.—Suddenly, on the 29th April, JAS. B. GALLOWAY, in the 37th year of his age.

GEER.—On the 2d inst., SYLVANUS GEER, in the 25th year of his age.

HAMAN.—On the 3d instant, FRANKLIN ASH, son of James and Sarah Haman, aged 7 years and 18 days.

JOHNSTON.—On the 1st inst., THOMAS JOHNSTON, M. D., in the 32d year of his age.

JOHNSON.—On the 2d instant, THOMAS H., infant son of George W. and Sarah Johnson, aged 3 months and 7 days.

KEYSER.—On the morning of the 2d instant, TYSON, son of Daniel and Elizabeth Keyser, in the 11th year of his age.

KNEASS.—On the 3d inst., EMMA C. KNEASS, wife of the late Carey F. Kneass.

McLAUGHLIN.—On the 2d inst., at Pleasantville, Montgomery county, Pa., REUBEN McLAUGHLIN.

McQUILLIN.—On the 3d instant, Mrs. MARY McQUILLIN, wife of Patrick McQuillin, aged 46 years.

MARPEL.—On the 3d instant, JACOB, only son of Abram and Rosana Marpel, aged 13 months.

MIDDLETON.—On the 3d inst., EDDA B. MIDDLETON, in the 11th year of her age.

MURRAY.—On the 2d instant, MARY HENRY, wife of William Murray, aged 23 years.

PURNELL.—On Wednesday morning, 1st instant, WM. M. PURNELL, in the 60th year of his age.

SMITH.—On 1st instant, HENRY MATHIAS, son of William and Emma Smith, aged 10 months.

SMITH.—On the 2d inst., ISAAC R. SMITH, aged 67 years. [Pittsburg papers please copy.]

SONGWAY.—On the 2d inst., ELIZABETH, wife of Daniel Songway, aged 68 years.

LATEST DESPATCH.—Merchants' Insurance Companies and Business Men, desiring information, or having Goods for sale, or on Commission, or any respectable business transactions to attend to, may find it to their advantage to address
H. W. CROTZER,
my8 4t§ Despatch Office, Lewisburg, Pa.
☞ Enclose postage stamp to prepay reply.

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.—Dr. H. JAMES discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals he will send to those who wish it, the recipe containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on the receipt of their names, with stamp for return postage. There is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensation, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels and wasting away of the muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 225 North SECOND St., Philadelphia, Pa. 15*2?

"BESIDE THE KENNEBEC."

[FROM THE NEW YORK JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.]

They marched with Arnold at their head,
Our soldiers true and brave,
To far off heights of Canada,
By wood and rock and wave.
They left the scene behind perchance
They might not see again;
The homesteads fair, the fields which smiled
With autumn's ripened grain;
And forth they march to meet the foe,
The invader's course to check,
When the autumn leaves were brightening
Along the Kennebec.

On through the deep and darkened wood,
Through brush and brake and brier,
The wolf howls round their path by day,
By night beyond their fire,—
Their camp fire where, all travel-worn,
When fording lake and stream,
Chilled with the wave, with hunger faint,
They laid them down to dream
Of those dear homes they left behind,
A dim and lessening speck,
When they marched away to Canada,
Beside the Kennebec.

And one, a brave and noble boy,
With kindling cheek and eye,
Whose smile and voice brought light to all,
Lay down at last to die:
To die of hunger's gnawing pain,
A fate that some must share,
Who closed with tears his soft blue eyes,
And heard his dying prayer,
They took a bright curl from his brow,
The 'kerchief from his neck,
And laid him 'neath the autumn leaves,
Beside the Kennebec.

Within a fair New England home
Are kept those relics yet;
The story of our stormy Past
True hearts will not forget.
A sister's love kept bright this theme,
It passed from sire to son;
And now when winter evenings come,
And talk and song are done,
The grandsire tells the story o'er,
With a tear he will not check,
Of the boy who died so long ago,
Beside the Kennebec.
E. G. B.

THE FARMER.

☞ Persons sending communications to this office, advertising seeds and other articles for sale, must put them in the shape of advertisements, and pay the usual advertising charge.

☞ Some of the contributors to this column seem to forget, after receiving the paper, that our offer of a free subscription conditions for an *occasional* communication. Those who neglect to comply with this condition will be stricken from our free list.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PLASTER.

As this is the season in which most farmers sow plaster, I will, in return for the numerous facts obtained from the Farmers' Department, impart my little information on the subject. I am not able to communicate much personal experience, but can give the practice of those whose authority is undoubted, and has mostly been within the range of my own observation. It is doubtful if any subject presents such a diversity of opinions as that relative to the time, quantity and manner of sowing gypsum. I recently asked the opinions of two of my neighbors who have been farming similar land for nearly a quarter of a century. They agree that it is very valuable as a top-dressing for clover, and, I may add, that the present prolific state of their land is greatly indebted to these twin fertilizers. One says it is most beneficial in a wet, another in a dry season. The former says half a bushel to the acre will show as good effects as three or four, while he who prefers the dry season, thinks one bushel will answer the purpose, and any larger quantity unnecessary. The wet weather and homœopathic doctor thinks it should be sown very early, while the other believes in, or rather practices late sowing. The first named has sown it on timothy with good results. Has also plainly seen its effects for three years, being first applied broadcast on corn. Two others, in the same section, also hold opposite views concerning the season. When doctors disagree, who shall decide?

While the above experience is almost as opposite as light and darkness, we can, nevertheless, glean some rays of truth which will help to enlighten us on the point of inquiry. From what has been said, we may learn first, that plaster has done good both in wet and dry seasons; and secondly, that a small quantity, say, from half to a bushel per acre is amply sufficient for any one season; and thirdly, while its greatest benefits are visible on clover, it has been advantageous to timothy, corn, wheat and oats. I shall communicate an experiment with gypsum on the last mentioned crops next fall. The most marked effect we ever observed from the use of this article, was on a clover field last year. The field had been in oats, and was seeded to clover. The plaster was sown the latter part of April, or first of May, and rather less than a bushel to the acre. I do not recollect much about the weather for the first few weeks after it was sown, but it was not unusually wet until June, when we had considerable rain. In July and August we were visited by a severe drouth, which almost ruined the corn. Most of the field alluded to was pastured, the balance mown. On that part which had no plaster, there was comparatively nothing. The clover appeared lifeless, and the land looked poor. The other was the reverse—green and luxuriant. The soil was a stiff, yellow clay of moderate fertility. Not only were the effects visible all the growing season, but in winter the apparent dearth of the land and withered condition of the plants indicated that no plaster had been scattered over one side of the field. It has been generally believed in this locality that gypsum will not pay on pasture fields. By this impression we have lost many a pound of good butter and beef, and all for placing too much confidence in others' opinions, and neglecting the easy task of making the trial for ourselves. Many farmers mix it with corn before planting. It hastens germination and accelerates the growth of the plant, thus enabling it to mature earlier. I have seen corn planted dry, and that which was wet and mixed with plaster, side by side. The latter was of a dark-green color, strong and vigorous, the other small and yellow, resembling broomcorn. Some drop a tablespoonful on the hill, after it is up, with great profit. At ten dollars a ton, it is the cheapest fertilizer known. B.

New Castle County, Del., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ALL ABOUT HENS.

I live in a village and have been keeping house two or three years—have neighbors who not only keep house, but likewise keep hens. I entertain a respect for and a kind regard towards many of my neighbors, but I abominate their hens. An evil-minded hen is a curse to any community, especially if the community be a village. I am willing to grant that there are some honorable exceptions among hens as well as among a certain *other* class of bipeds, and towards these exceptions I am disposed to exercise a charitable and forbearing spirit.

I do not wish to have this article understood in the light of a general phillippic against hens as a *nation*; it is only the practice of raising and keeping them in the village to annoy your neighbors and destroy the gardens that I wish to denounce.

Now my wife has, for some time past, been importuning me to invest a few shillings in the *animal* above mentioned this spring. At first I tried to convince her by mild reason and argument, that such an investment would lead to the most deplorable and disastrous results; held up to her gaze the destructive propensities of "biddy;" painted truthfully the cabbage head stripped of its early and tender leaves, and the tomato plant "tattered and torn;" spoke feelingly and *tearfully* of the ravaged and ruined onion beds; in fact, I exhausted the entire argument so far as reason, sympathy and moral suasion were concerned, but all to no purpose. She refuses to be convinced. Like the eccentric Mrs. Toodles, of dramatic fame, she insists upon my getting the hens because they will be "so handy to have" on account of the fresh eggs. Speaking of eggs, the other day, I asked my friend C——, who lives over the way and keeps hens, what his eggs cost him per dozen, taking everything into consideration. He stated that he had carefully estimated the expense during the past two or three years, and the cost per dozen was not less than fifty cents. This estimate, of course, included the damage done by his hens during the time. Moreover, I believe, this idea of keeping hens in a village is productive of more neighborhood disturbance than is occasioned from any other one cause. Therefore I hold that, upon considerations of justice, humanity, good-will and philanthropy, the practice should be denounced. Thus, Mr. Dollar Newspaper, you have the upshot of my opinion on this, to me, important subject. Nevertheless, I am "open to conviction," and if any of your agricultural readers, can, by fair argument, or the presentation of facts, convince me that I am in an error in this particular, I shall be most happy to make proper amends, &c. P. B. S.

Niagara River, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE USE OF LIME.

What I have to record under this head, I will premise by endeavoring to correct two very prevalent errors in regard to *lime as a manure*. First, then, lime, practically speaking, is not of itself a manure, yet at the same time no soil other than alluvial, annually flooded, can be certainly fruitful and *permanently productive*, that does not contain a due proportion of lime, in some form or other, to be absorbed by the rootlets of plants for the perfection of both straw and grain. I have known some curious blunders and detriment to the progress of liming, by the use of *lime as a manure in comparison* with strong prutrescent manures; for instance, a shovelful of each was, by a novice, put on the hills of alternate rows of corn. The result of such ill-judged experiment need not be told. Another common error, and one little less fatal to the general use of lime as an auxiliary renovator, is that it must be applied in quantities so large as to interdict its use by most farmers who desire support entirely from an exhausted soil. Considering lime as the only sure foundation to any good system of farming which may be adopted for the renovation of lands exhausted by injudicious culture, I will devote a few lines to that particular subject, by stating what I would recommend to all beginners in their efforts to improve worn out lands. First, then, when your land has been well broken up for corn or buckwheat in the spring of the year, spread on it from twenty-five to thirty bushels of fresh burned and best lump lime, well slaked with strong brine. Lime of the quality described, and treated accordingly, acts very promptly, mechanically as well as chemically, by neutralizing acids unfriendly to vegetable production, and by combining with loose and light soils, they are rendered more adhesive and retentive of moisture. In other words, lime judiciously applied to stiff land renders it light, while it gives to lands too light, a firmer or more compact texture. This dogma, paradoxical as it may appear to many, is fully established by every brick chimney or stone dwelling in the land. All who build such houses know that lime and sand, the latter largely predominating in all light soils, with water, are materials used by masons for the formation of mortar, which, in a short time, becomes as hard, if not harder, than the bricks. It is also well known that if stiff clay or rich mold were to be used with lime for mortar instead of sand, that when dry it would moulder away and become impalpable dust. Now, with these plain truths before us, it is only necessary to apply smaller portions of lime to our lands, according to their texture, and we can have stiff or light land as we may choose or will it. Finally and emphatically, be it remembered, *that if your land is natually deficient in lime, that deficiency must, in some way or other, be supplied*, or you can never reap the full benefit of manuring your crop; particularly wheat will be uncertain in quality as well as in quantity without lime, however rich your land may be, and in time of drouth your crops of all descriptions may fail entirely, whereas, on judiciously limed land, similar crops, under like circumstances, will escape almost unscathed.
MALAKOFF.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HUNGARIAN GRASS.

On the 28th of May, 1858, I bought at the neighboring town one pound of the seed, and sowed it on about ten rods of poor, sandy soil. It came and grew, headed out and ripened by the 12th of August, just seventy-six days after it was sown. I cut it with a grain cradle and let it lie two days in the sun to cure thoroughly, when I bound it up and threshed it. It yielded just one bushel of sixty pounds. This, I thought, was a pretty good yield from one pound and on poor land. The following year I did not sow any Hungarian, not having a spot of land to suit me. But last year I sowed about three pecks of the seed on land very poor, and then brushed it in. It yielded sixty small dozens, which turned out twenty-five bushels of clean seed. It is about the size of clover seed, and looks very nice when cleaned. It is excellent food for the horse, fed in the sheaf. You must have a tight manger, as it shells out very easily. Horses will eat it before they will touch the best timothy or clover hay, and fatten considerably faster. But I feed it mostly to milch cows. I take five bushels of the seed and mix it thoroughly with the same quantity of corn, get it ground, and feed it scalded to the cows, about a gallon apiece at a feed. They produce butter full as fast as though fed on clean meal.

Hungarian Grass should be sown, in Southern Ohio, about the last of June or the first of July. It will then have full time to mature before the hard frosts come. One bushel will sow four acres very nicely. I think it pays the farmer best to sow it on land of middling fertility. If sown on too rich ground it will grow too rank, and not pay so well as on poorer land; the straw would be too coarse and hard for stock to eat, while, if sown on very poor land, it would, like other crops, be a non-paying institution. Land that would produce an average crop of wheat, is about right to make a good crop of Hungarian. I will conclude by saying, that I think it would pay every farmer to raise it. For horses it will take the place of oats and corn, and for cattle it is invaluable. WASHINGTONIAN.

Fearing, Washington Co., O., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CORN RAISING.

As it is now the time for preparing and planting corn in this latitude, I propose to give, through the columns of the "Newspaper," such hints and suggestions as have presented themselves to me, and such as I have observed through a long practice in the culture of that indispensable cereal of America—Indian corn.

First.—As to the preparation of the ground. It is a most important thing that it be got in first rate order, and in as high a state of fertility as possible.

Second.—As to the time of planting. It is not material, providing it be done during the month of May; but the time that I prefer planting is not later than the 15th of the month, if the ground and weather will admit; and here I will remark, that in our latitude it is not often that it can be done earlier. My method is to plant in rows two and a half feet apart east and west, by three and a half north and south; putting not less than four, nor more than six kernels in the hill and cover lightly. It is an excellent stimulant to drop in the hill, before covering, a compost composed in about equal parts of ashes, hen manure and plaster. They should be mixed and stand a few days before using, in order to get well fermented. Four stalks to the hill are amply sufficient, but I think it safer to thin out afterwards, than to risk the chance of the kernels all sprouting. When the corn is up of such height that the rows can be seen without any trouble, I then commence running the cultivator, which I run through the rows each way, then follow with the corn plow—this I do about twice, hoeing it well the last time. I consider it important that it should have at least one good hoeing, the opinion of many *theoretical* agricultural writers to the contrary notwithstanding. So is the working of it with the horse; it should be done enough to keep the ground, especially if dry, well stirred and clean. This is the great thing needful after having the land first rate. As to the harvesting, my method is to cut up as soon as it is well glazed, cutting five rows wide and set in shocks of twenty-five hills each, and bound firmly round the top. Husk as soon as the stalks and ears become dry. Generally speaking it should be done in October, when the stalks, if well secured, make excellent fodder. M.

Bradford County, Pa., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WASHING SHEEP.

As the time is drawing near for performing this part of farm labor, I wish to say a few words about it. My object is not to discuss the best method, but to advocate the discontinuance of it altogether. Now of all the unexploded nonsense since the time of wooden mould-boards, trying to wash wool on the backs of sheep goes a "leetle" ahead. The wool all has to be washed before it is manufactured, and why subject dumb brutes and dumb people to be plouted about in cold water for nothing? We smile at some of the practices of the Makololo or Bakwains, but we certainly should have charity while we continue to wash sheep. Now let us consider some of the arguments in favor of the practice. Well, neighbor H. says it is the only time he "gits a leetle drop." But if the sheep dam is to be kept up only for the purpose of getting a little of old "John," why the sooner it is let out the better. Another says the sheep are more easily shorn. And admit that they are, would not the time spent in washing, if spent in shearing, far more than compensate for any difficulty in shearing unwashed sheep? But, after all, we believe the practice is continued because every one is afraid to discontinue it for fear of not selling their wool. But let it be ascertained what the average loss in weight is by washing, let buyers pay accordingly, for they could certainly buy with more fairness where it was all alike, unwashed, than where part was carefully washed and part only dipped. We have known persons laid up for the summer season—we have known illness contracted by sheep-washing which terminated only in death. How much the sheep are injured in the operation we will not pretend to say. We feel confident that if the subject was agitated it would not be long until the practice would be considered among the follies of the past.
GUILLAUME.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BRIEF NOTES OF THINGS.

CORN GROUND.—Ground that is intended for the raising of Indian corn the next season should, if the soil be heavy and tough, be plowed up in the preceding autumn or winter, as the frost, rains and snows of winter will make the soil finer and mellower, and of course more productive than it would otherwise be. So if the ground is on old grass or clover sod, and more or less infested with the cutworm and grubworm, such plowing will, if done just before a heavy and sharp frost, ensure the destruction of these worms by frost, and so save your corn crop from their ravages. For repeated experiments have shown that the corn growing on that part of a grass or clover sod plowed up late in the fall or during winter, has always escaped the ravages of these insects, while the corn growing on that part of the field plowed up in the spring just before corn-planting has invariably suffered more or less from these worms.

SPRING WHEAT.—Spring wheat should be sown about the last of March or first of April, or as soon as the frost is out of the ground. And the ground for this crop may also be advantageously plowed up in the fall or winter, and for the same reasons just noticed in the case of corn-ground. Another advantage in such fall or winter plowing is that you will then have more time for plowing it than you will have in the spring, and so will get ahead of your spring work, as two or three harrowings of such plowed ground are all that will be necessary to fit it for wheat-sowing or corn planting. Spring wheat seems to do better on our uplands than it does upon our low-lands bordering on the Susquehanna river. The most popular variety of spring wheat seems to be the *Canada Club* wheat, which consists of two varieties, the one smooth and the other beardy-headed, both of which have stiff stems or plants and large heads that yield well and weigh heavy in the grain and make a flour that is nearly if not quite equal to that of our winter grain. NOTATOR.

April, 1861.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RAISING SQUASHES FOR STOCK.

Last year I tried the experiment of raising squashes for winter feeding of stock, and found them to be a valuable crop, yielding at the rate of seven or eight tons to the acre. They are very nutritious, much more so than pumpkins, and will keep through the winter. I think a ton of them worth more than a ton of hay; and horned cattle may be wintered on them with very little coarse fodder. They are excellent for milch cows, increasing the quantity of milk and keeping them in good condition. They yield more to the acre with less labor than carrots, beets, &c. The Hubbard Squash is probably the best kind, as it is dryer and more nutritious, and will keep longer than other varieties. They may be planted with corn, according to the New England mode of raising pumpkins, or raised as an entire crop. If planted alone the hills should be eight or ten feet apart; and if manure is applied in the hill less will be required than for any other crop.
O. P. Q.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RHUBARB OR PIE PLANT.

As many have rhubarb or pie plants in their gardens, but are not acquainted with the process of making it into a most excellent pie, I will give my way to the many readers of the "Newspaper," and if any of the numerous readers and contributors to the "Farmer's Department have a better way, will they please to let its many readers know through its columns? I first cut the stems and peal off the thin outside skin, then cut in small pieces and pour boiling water over it and let it stand about five minutes that takes off an unpleasant taste and smell. Then drain the water off and put in the pie, the same as green apples. Put in a piece of butter, a very little vinegar, plenty of sugar, sprinkle a little flour over the top, then put on the upper crust, and bake. I prefer the pies to apple pies, and we have them in the season when other things for pies are generally scarce.

Delaware County, O., 1861. LU.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

POP CORN.

I find that any hard flinty corn will pop just as well as the genuine article. Size appears to make little difference, as its explosive qualities depend upon its solidity. The Crystal-flint or Hominy Corn, which may be found at the seed stores, is excellent for this purpose. It weighs sixty-four pounds to the bushel. I first obtained a few seed from the office of the American Agriculturist, New York, two years ago. For hominy and bread it cannot be surpassed. I am not well acquainted with its productive qualities, but think the yield will be good on a stiff clay soil. It will not weigh so well when raised on a loam or sandy soil. I have a recipe for making pop-corn pudding, which, after satisfactory trial, I will send you. M.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

MANUFACTURE OF IRON.—Sir F. Knowles, struck with the functions of the cyanide of potassium proposes to introduce potash, felspar, or soda into the furnace charges; he adds lime, equal to two-thirds of the weight of the silica contained in the felspar—the bases then become lime, alumina, and the alkali, which being in excess, is released to form the cyanide required. He also uses kaolin or china clay as a flux; this substance consists of forty-seven per cent. alumina and fifty-two per cent. silica, so that even when the silica is neutralized there yet remains thirty per cent. of alumina to act upon that contained in the ore. Experiments are now being made to smelt forge cinders with kaolin, and, if they are successful, this substance may be beneficially applied to all siliceous ores. It has also been proposed to deoxidize the rich ores prior to their being charged into the blast furnace, by charging them into large retorts heated cherry red, and passing through them a current of hydrogen gas, which is obtained from the coke ovens. It is found that peroxids can be thus converted into protoxides in two hours, and that in three or four hours they assume the appearance of metallic iron.

CONSTRUCTION OF VESSELS.—Barges, or flat-bottomed vessels, might have their sides carved out when intended for canals and smooth rivers. But to sea going vessels, their flat bottoms must be accompanied with straight and parallel sides; otherwise their mid-ship section, being the place of greatest breadth, would when heeling, always sink deeper into the water than any other part in their length, and, obtaining a greater hold of the water in consequence, become the pivot around which they would endeavor to revolve, and be forever throwing their heads up into the wind. From this same cause it is that boats, even which are of great breadth of beam to their length, do, when much heeled, persist in throwing their heads up into the wind also, and which evil can only be counteracted by an extraordinary depth of keel and rudder towards and at the stern. Paddle-wheel sea-going steamers, with flat bottoms and carrying sails, can also have the tendency of throwing their heads up into the wind remedied, by placing the said paddle wheels aft of the middle length—when their lee wheel, descending into the water with the midship, will thus, at the time of heeling, prevent any deviation in their course.

NEW PLAN OF RAILWAY TRACK.—For the purpose of securing a durable structure, which will preserve the original perfection and solidity of the street pavement, and at the same time greatly reduce the current cost of repairs and relays, as well as to improve the line of gradient, there has been introduced a new track for city railways, both as to form and arrangement, as well as to character of material. This kind of railway, as described, is composed of a succession of cast iron railways, twelve feet in length, formed after the principle of a truss beam, with a base from four to six inches in width, and a car and carriage track in combination, forming with the body of the rail a depth of six and one-half inches. These rails rest directly upon the gravel which previously sustained the pavement, a few inches only of which are removed to make place for the rail, when the gravel is brought up firmly under the base of the rail by the head of the tamping bar, the rails secured to each other at the joint by a heavy cast iron wedge, drawn under cleets cast upon each rail at their ends for that purpose. After this, the earth or gravel is tamped about the rail, and the paving replaced.

SOMETHING ABOUT DIAMONDS.—Diamond cutting, at the present day, is almost exclusively performed by Jews of Amsterdam, where large diamond mills have been established; and it is calculated that ten thousand out of the twenty eight thousand Jews living in that city, are dependent, directly or indirectly, on this branch of industry. Steam power is in some establishments employed for driving the machines. A curious substance has late been found in the Brazilian mines, called carbonado, or amorpheous diamond—a kind of intermediate grade between diamond and charcoal, combining the hardness of the former with the black unformed character of the latter; and close inspection shows some curious traces of a passage between the two states. A remarkable discovery has also been made, viz: That the chemical element known as boron, the base of the common substance borax, may, by a peculiar process, be obtained in transparent crystals, which possess the high refractive powers of the diamond, and a hardness as great, if not greater; as yet, however, the crystals thus produced have been too small to be of commercial value

NEW KIND OF LAMP.—A new construction of lamp is described in the Mechanics' Magazine. The case of the lamp is a tube—which may resemble a candle—closed at both ends, and this contains the oil, &c, with which the lamp is fed. Immediately under the bottom of it is a shallow egg-shaped vessel, the lower end of which is made of platina. At its upper end this vessel communicates by two fine apertures with the reservoir above, and through these apertures the oil descends, and, falling on the platina bottom, which is heated, is converted into vapor. This passes away by a pipe proceeding up from the top of the lower vessel or generator into the reservoir, and the vapor escapes and bubles up through the liquid in the reservoir; at the top of the latter a jet is placed, and from this the vapor escapes and is burnt like ordinary coal gas. From the top of the reservoir a small pipe proceeds, and terminates in a jet under the platina bottom of the generator, and at this jet a small quantity of the vapor is burnt, and generates a constant supply for the main burner

MANUFACTURE OF FANS.—M. Duvelleroy, of Paris, is probably the most extensive manufacturer of fans in the world, his establishment employing some two thousand hands. He manufactures fans for the courts not only of European countries, but for those even of Africa and Asia. He has made it a point to grasp the two extremes of the scale in costliness, as well as all intermediate degrees, for he makes fans from one half penny each to one thousand guineas. Every half-penny fan goes through no less than fifteen hands. Duvelleroy's fans are sent to all parts of the world, and even compete in the East with those of China. Spain has done much in attempts to rival this establishment, but all the best specimens come from Paris. It is stated that M. Duvelleroy has a large corps of experienced artists, who study the peculiar tastes of every nation in respect to pictures and colors.

OUT IN THE COLD.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

With blue cold hands and stockingless feet,
Wandered a child in the cheerless street.
Children were many, who, housed and fed,
Lovingly nestled, dreaming in bed,
Carolled their joy in a land of bliss
Without a thought or a care of this.
They were warm in humanity's fold,
But this little child was out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Bleak blew the wind through the cheerless street,
Dashing along the merciless sleet.
All furred and shawled, man, woman and child,
Hurried along, for the storm grew wild.
They could not bear the icicle blast
Winter so rude on their pathway cast.
Alas, none pitied—no one consoled
This little wanderer, out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

She had no father—she, no mother:
Sister none, and never a brother.
They had passed on to star-worlds above,
She remained here with nothing but love.
"Nothing but love"—ah! men did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow,
So they went by and worshipped their gold,
Leaving the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Wandered she on till the shades of night
Veiled her shivering form from sight,
Then, with her cold hands over her breast,
She prayed to her Father in Heaven for rest.
When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark frown,
Hungered and chilled she laid herself down—
Lay down to rest, while the wealthy rolled
In carriages past her out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Out in the cold, lo! an angel form
Brought her white robes that were rich and warm.
Out in the cold, on the sleeping child,
The sainted face of a mother smiled.
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss,
Led her mid scenes of heavenly bliss!
And angels gathered into their fold
That night the little one out of the cold—
Out of the cold.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUSA WHITE'S COSSET.

Early in the spring of 1774, a farmer, living in the eastern section of the town of Windham, carried into his house one cold, stormy morning, a young lamb whose dam had perished in the storm. The poor little thing was chilled almost dead. He laid it on the kitchen hearth, and his wife wrapped it carefully in a warm flannel blanket. When it gave signs of life, she put into its mouth some warmed milk, and rubbed it tenderly, until it licked her hand, and bleated in answer to her caresses.

"What can I do with it?" she asked her husband, when he came to dinner. "'Tis a nice lamb, as white as snow; but with the prospect just now before us, I shan't have much time to raise cossets; for when the 'Sons of Liberty' are called to the field, the women will have to raise the bread."

"That's a sartin fact, Amy," replied her husband, "and the time is at hand! I couldn't bear to leave the little critter to die, though. I'll tell you what we will do with it, wife! There's the minister's little gal, who comes out here sometimes, and who seems to have a great liking for pets; we'll just keep it a few days till it gets strong and lively, and then carry it to her. She'll like it, I know."

Farmer Cary was not at all mistaken in this conjecture. The bright eyes of Susa White were brighter than ever the morning when the new pet was carried to the parsonage. Its coat, she declared, was softer than silk and whiter than snow. She would take the very best care of it, and keep it until it was an old sheep. Her father, who was consulted about a name, advised her to give the lamb no fancy name, but to call it Nebuchadnezzar, because some day it would have to eat grass like the old King of Babylon. Susa thought it rather a hard name, but said that Nebby or Neb would do very well.

Neb grew famously, and soon became as great a pet, almost, in the village, as his mistress. Susa White's lamb was privileged to go anywhere he pleased, nibbling either grass or flowers, as best suited his taste.

That was one of the pleasantest springs of Susa White's life, through a season of sore perplexity and darkness to the older and wiser in heart. From North to South there was a fluttering of wings for freedom. Act after act of oppression had roused the incipient nation to a trial of its strength. The American army was not then organized, but association was the order of the day, and the watchword of all was "Liberty." Enough had been heard of the absolute power of Parliament; the colonies were no longer afraid to stand up boldly and declare, "The people have rights, and only Heaven is supreme!' Such was everywhere the state of feeling when the infamous act for closing the port of Boston reached that patriotic city. The King had declared his determination to starve his subjects into unreserved submission.

It was the tenth of May when the port act was received, and tidings of it were wafted speedily as possible from town to town and from colony to colony. Sections traversed by stage coaches were favored at that era, for the coaches had always the latest news from the seat of disaffection, and news was what the people of all ages and ranks waited and expected with the greatest anxiety.

Long before the hour for the weekly stage, a group of men might have been seen collecting around the old Stanniford tavern, in Windham, discoursing on the one subject of common interest to all. From the court-house and from the counter, from the workshop and from the plow, they came, eager to catch the first sound of the driver's horn, and to hear the rattling of the heavy wheels down the eastern hill. Women, with children in their arms, stood at the doors to look out at the four-horse vehicle, and prisoners in the gloomy old jail gazed through their grated windows, to watch it as it passed.

"There she comes!' exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at once, from the tavern stoop. "I hear her on the top of Zion's Hill. Smith toots loudly to-day. He's got news, no mistake about it."

Blowing his horn most vigorously, the driver came dashing down the dusty road, his fine horses scarcely touching the ground over which they passed. Beautifully they described their circle in front of the stage-house, bringing the coach-door and the ladies' entrance in a moment side by side. While the driver with one hand was guiding his team through their well-known figure, with the other he scattered a handful of papers amidst the bystanders; copies of the Boston Port-Bill, edged with black, in token of mourning; also an appeal from the citizens of Boston, asking counsel and aid of the sister colonies in their time of trial. Sad news this from "good old Boston"—for Boston then, as now, was the pride of New England.

Before the coach was started again on its way to Hartford, the bills were posted all over the village; one on the great elm before the tavern door—the same tree on which the jolly little Bacchus sat for so many long years astride his tun; a second to another large elm farther to the north; a third to the whipping-post, which stood on the meeting-house corner; and the fourth to the court-house door. Before night they were sent to the most remote sections of the town, and all true Windhamites pledged themselves not only to make common cause with the suffering colony, but to wage perpetual warfare against tyranny.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Parson White, who, like most of the New England clergy of his time, was a flaming patriot—carried the subject with him into the pulpit, and made a most earnest appeal for their brave, suffering brethren. He recounted all they had done, and all they had suffered since the first odious Revenue Act had spread consternation and alarm throughout all the land; he spoke with enthusiasm of their resistance to the Stamp Act, and of the course they had pursued in regard to the tea question, for which they were now suffering the vengeance of the British Parliament, and being branded as "the chief of rebels." In conclusion, he exhorted them, as men who loved their fellow-men, to concert some measure for carrying what aid they were able to the beleaguered city.

There was no lack of attention on the part of the parson's audience that day—no nightmare of election hung on his words; it was a rousing call to action, such as the heart of man both loves and approves in things temporal and spiritual. The weakest intellect in the house could comprehend the subject and its requirements; and, before the discourse was ended, many were calculating what they could spare from their own immediate necessities. Poor little Susa White, as she turned her eyes for a moment from her father's high pulpit toward the door, and caught sight of Neb, standing with his front feet on the sill, chewing his cud, and looking so sleek and handsome, felt, for the first time, the appeal directed to herself. Her bright eyes quickly filled with tears. "Poor Nebby!" she thought, sorrowfully, "I cannot give him up. He would not make a mouthful for so many, if I did. He's all the pet I've got, and I promised good Deacon Carey to keep him until he was a great sheep." This last reflection was a momentary soother.

As soon as the blessing was pronounced, she hastened to the door, feeling very sorry that Neb had been foolish enough to show himself there that afternoon. "Everybody will be saying now, 'There's one of the minister's little gals has got a nice fat cosset, which she can spare as well as not.' I know they will; and well they may; but then, I can't give him up. Poor Nebby!"

Nebby, wholly unconscious of what was passing in the mind of his youthful mistress, frisked around her as usual, licking her ungloved hands, and testifying his joy in the best way he could at her release.

"He's grown famously," said old Mr. Tinker. "He'd make a fine roaster."

"I guess he won't," said Susa, in an under tone, bending over as if to pet the lamb, but in reality to hide her tears. "Savage old man, isn't he, Nebby?"

No one could speak to the lamb, or pet him that night, but Susa fancied they were thinking she out to lay him on the altar of her country and humanity, when such a thought never entered the mind of a single one of her father's parishioners. On the contrary, they would, one and all, have protested against so great a sacrifice on the part of their little favorite. It was the voice of her own conscience speaking to little Susa White, and the voice of humanity, also, asking the sacrifice of her pet lamb.

A town meeting was called immediately, to deliberate on what was to be done, and how soon. The Port Bill was to take effect the 1st of June; and then from many hundreds of the poorer citizens would arise a daily cry for food, for the hands of industry were most effectually bound. There was a grand rally from every quarter of the town on the day appointed for the meeting. The old meeting-house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there was no lack of zeal or enthusiasm. A number of young men expressed their determination to offer their services to the blockaded city in case of outbreak, and to do it in person. These would bear whatever contributions their fellow-townspeople had to offer. The galleries were full of women and children, eager to hear and see all that was done; and some of the former of these had a widow's mite to add to the offering.

"Sally Lincoln says her brother is going to volunteer," whispered Susa White to her older sister. "I should hate to have our Dyer, shouldn't you?"

"No, indeed," was the speedy response; "I should be ashamed of him if he wouldn't, if there was any need of him. I'll teach him to fire a gun myself, if nobody else will."

"But he may be killed, you know," said Susa, shudderingly, "like those young men father told us about last evening at Gray's rope-walk."

"Well, that's a patriot's privilege, Susa. There's no use in holding back the purchase money when once the field is to be bought. I only wish I were a man myself, to help drive every British officer out of Boston."

"O dear! everybody is braver and more generous than I," thought Susa, bending down her head, thoughtfully. "There's the poor widow Lincoln, whose oldest son has offered to go, has just given a sheep. Maybe she brought it up by hand, and likes it as much as I like Nebby. Then, she is a poor woman, with ever so many little children to take care of. I saw her wipe her eyes just now; but then I think it is because Nathan is going away, and not the sheep."

The galleries were beginning to be cleared, but Susa White lingered; for she had not yet learned the full amount of the contribution. It was not long, however, before Mr. Solomon Huntingdon, who was moderator, gave notice that two hundred and fifty-seven sheep and lambs were then on the paper, ready for delivery. The young men who had volunteered to drive them would be ready to start the next day at noon. If there was no more business before the meeting, they would adjourn.

Then Susa went down and stationed herself a little way from the front door, to wait for her father. Nebby was not there; she had taken the precaution to shut him up in the stable before leaving home, lest his fat body should excite further remark. Her father came out at last, talking with one of their neighbors. She went and put her hands in his softly, and looked up in his face to attract attraction.

"What's the matter, Susa? What do you want now?" he asked in a careless way.

"To give Nebby to the patriots," she said, bursting into into tears.

Mr. White stood regarding his little daughter for a moment without uttering a word. His companion turned away to wipe a tear from his eye. Everybody in town knew the child's fondness for her pet.

"So you wish to send Neb to the hungry children of Boston, do you?" her father inquired at last' "I am glad you are willing to make a sacrifice for the good of others, my daughter. 'The liberal soul shall be made fat.'"

"I want to speak to Deacon Carey about it," she said, "for he may think it strange." And again the child's feelings were too much for her.

"A cause that has not only the 'widow's mite' but the infant's sacrifice, will be prospered of the Lord, Sir, and no mistake," said Col. Dyer. "Let the women and children work with us, malt the barley and dry the sage; leaving alone the tea and the coffee, and the foreign gee-gaws, and the old country will come to her senses by-and-by." Then, while the minister went back to and the last gift to the roll, he laid his hand caressingly on Susa's head, and said: "You have a brave, generous heart, my dear little girl."

Susa only shook her head in reply. She did not speak all the way home, and when they had reached the lane, perceiving some children there who had come to play with her and Nebby, she ran along to the orchard gate, slipped through, and was soon lost sight of amidst the thickness of the trees.

Not a word was said in Susa's presence about her offering that night; but at the breakfast table next morning, her father told her that Mr. Tinker had been over to offer to send one of his sheep in place of hers. It was the same old man who had spoken to her about Nebby on the way from church, and whom she had suspected of sinister motives.

"Good old man!" she exclaimed, with quivering lip; "I am ashamed, because I thought so hard of him." Then she frankly confessed what feelings possessed her when he praised her lamb. But she would not allow him to redeem Nebby. He was a poor man, whose children were obliged to go out to work, and she knew he could not afford it. She had given the lamb, and she would not take it back; for when Susa had fully made up her mind, there was no shrinking from its decision of right; and, then, the minister's children were every one as staunch patriots as their father.

Every member of the family, except little black Kate, approved the child's sacrifice. She stamped, screamed, and pulled away at her stout tow frock, with a vigor which would have been destruction to a modern fabric, when she heard that Neb, her own pet as well as Miss Susa's, was to be driven away to Boston.

"Massa White's folks only got one little sheep," she said; "eberybody else got a heap on 'em. Ole Wobetic Mountain all alive wid 'em—good enuff sheep, too, to be eaten. They wanted Neb thar own self!"

But though Kate's demonstration sorely affected the children, not a voice was heard pleading for their dumb favorite.

"Never mind about it, Susa," said her brother Dyer. "I'll catch a rabbit for you this fall, when I go a nutting, and a gray squirrel, too. We can keep them in the house all winter, and feed them on walnuts. Molly has promised to learn me how to fire a gun, and in two years more I shall be fourteen; then, if the British don't look out, I shall be after them. I ain't a coward, Susa. Hurrah for liberty! Never mind a sheep. I'd send the Boston folks a dozen on 'em if I only had 'em, 'cause I like their spunk."

Before noon the farmers came driving in their flocks, and the volunteers were ready for the long march. *Two hundred and fifty-eight sheep*—a noble offering from one small country town! Susa White's lamb was conspicuous amidst the flock, for his white coat had been carefully washed that morning, for the last time, at the wooden trough beside the well, and a garland of green leaves was fastened around his neck. "That is the way the old heathen used to dress up their victims, Susa," said her brother. "I don't know, about father's letting a Christian sheep go off in that shape."

But Parson White found no fault with the garland; he thought only of the altar on which the victim was to be laid.

All the children in the village followed the flock up the eastern hill, very proud of their donation, and prouder of the young heroes who accompanied it—the first volunteers for freedom. Susa White was with them, feeling very much like crying for Nebby, until she saw her little schoolmate, Sallie Lincoln, bravely trying to say a cheerful "good-by" to her brother.

In about two weeks the Boston stage brought a grateful message to the citizens of Windham for their ready aid and sympathy. Theirs was the earliest donation from Connecticut—the earliest, save one, beyond the colony of Massachusetts.

Mr. Bancroft has made honorable mention of this fact in his "History of the American Revolution;" but as the donors' names have nowhere been chronicled, we offer to the public the above tradition of Susa White's cosset.

A GOLD WATCH IN A RAG-BAG.

A lady in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Conn., was in the habit of putting out shirts to make, for a large clothing establishment, to a number of women in the neighborhood. In the cutting of these, there were a great many little odds and ends of cloth left over—pieces too small to be of use, and the first thought was, of course, to toss them into the fire.

"No," she reflected, "I will leave them as they accumulate, and perhaps I may get enough to exchange with the tin man for some kitchen article or other." So she let them be, housewife like, and in a few weeks there was quite a pile.

One day a neighbor came in, and on hearing the destination of the scraps, advised that they should be sent to a paper mill at some little distance.

"They will give you three or four cents a pound for them," said he, "and that is better than exchanging them for tin."

She asked her husband's advice. To him a few rags more or less seemed a trivial affair.

"Do as you like," said he, laughingly, "you may have all the money you can make out of the rags!"

She took him at his word, and in two or three months, some half a dozen barrels of rags were sent by some one who was going in the direction of the paper mill. To her surprise and pleasure a new, rustling five dollar bill came back.

Again the impulse to spend it for some little ornament was checked.

"No," she resolved; "all my rag money shall go into the Savings' Bank."

And into the Savings Bank it went, accordingly. Years rolled by—more rags were saved and sold—interest and principal accumulated. At length an unusual opportunity presented itself for the purchase of a beautiful gold watch. Forty dollars was the price.

"I will not ask my husband to withdraw any necessary funds from his business," thought she, "but now is the time to make my rag money useful"

The gold watch was purchased—literally with rags!

Yet this was not the end of it. The bank fund of which the bundle of rags was the origin, now amounts to over twenty-five hundred dollars.

"I do not know how it was accumulated," said the lady to us. "A few cuttings and scraps laid aside whenever I cut a few shirts, a few dollars carried to the bank when I went to the city—a little interest added from time to time—it had grown up, almost without care or thought on my part."

A PARAGRAPH FOR OLD BACHELORS AND OLD MAIDS

One of the greatest evils with which society is inflicted and one of the greatest obstacles to the prosperity and permanency of any nation, is that of living a single life. The older and wealthier a nation becomes, the greater is the proportion of people who never marry. The principal reason, probably, is in the increased extravagances in living. A young man shrinks from asking a girl who lives surrounded with every luxury to share his humble home. Whilst we commend his prudence, we deplore the cause. But celibacy is an evil still greater than that of extravagance. A life of celibacy is itself an evil; for it is against nature. Nature intended that the sexes should marry. As a general rule, the married live longer and happier than the single. Celibacy is a crime against society. But one other greater evil can befall a nation, and that is getting unmarried. For it strikes at the root of domestic life. Its tendency is to annihilate the family. He who lives a life of celibacy fails in his duty to himself, to his country, and to his God. Whatever else he may do for society, by neglecting to marry, he fails to do that by which there is any society.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE HAIR.—As to men, we say, when the hair begins to fall out, the best plan is to have it cut short, give it a good brushing with a moderately stiff brush, while the hair is dry; then wash it well with warm soap suds, then rub into the scalp, about the roots of the hair, a little bay rum, brandy, or camphor water. Do these things twice a month—the brushing of the scalp may be profitably done twice a week. Damp the hair with water every time the toilet is made. Nothing ever made is better for the hair than pure soft water, if the scalp is kept clean in the way we have named. The use of oils, or pomatums, or grease of any kind, is ruinous to the hair of man or woman. We consider it a filthy practice, almost universal though it be, for it gathers dust and dirt, and soils whatever it touches. Nothing but pure soft water should ever be allowed on the heads of children. It is a different practice that robs our women of their most beautiful ornament long before their prime; the hair of our daughters should be kept within two inches until their twelfth year.
—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"HEROINE" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language; the first two letters of it are male, the first three female, the first four a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.

IT is a pretty saying of an ancient author, that men, like books, begin and end with blank leaves, namely infancy and senility.

ETIQUETTE.

USAGES IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

DINNER PARTIES AND DINNERS.

Do not ask any lady to take wine, until you see that she has finished her fish or soup. This exceedingly absurd and troublesome custom is very properly giving way at the best tables to the mere reasonable one of the gentleman helping the lady to wine next to whom he may be seated, or a servant will hand it round. But if either a lady or a gentleman be invited to take wine at table, they should not refuse; it is very *gau-he* so to do. They need not drink half a glass with each person, but merely taste it, or touch their lips to the glass.

The host or hostess should never eulogize any particular dish, but should leave every one to their own choice and enjoyment, the main object being to have your guests realize an ever-present sense of being entertained. You may casually mention that a certain dish is considered excellent, but never press it upon any one, nor should you ever try to persuade your guest to eat more than he takes freely, for very young or modest people may be thereby induced to accept what they really do not want, which would be unpleasant to them.

Silver or plated forks are now universally used at table—steel forks being only fit for carving. Never use a knife to convey food to your mouth under any circumstances. It is unnecessary, and glaringly vulgar. Feed yourself with a fork or spoon. A knife is only used for cutting. Peas, tomatoes, tarts, puddings, &c., should always be eaten with a spoon. As a general rule, when helping any one at table, never use a knife when you can use a spoon.

If at dinner you are requested to help any one to sauce or gravy, do not pour it over the meat or vegetables, but on one side of them. Never load down a person's plate with anything—it is vulgar.

At a dinner party the host usually serves his left hand neighbor first, then his right hand, and so on. One ladleful of soup to a plate is sufficient. Take whatever is given to you, and do not offer it to your neighbor. Begin at once to eat, and do not suck the soup into your mouth or blow it. If it be too hot, stir it until it is cool enough to eat. Many people make an unpleasant noise with their lips by inhaling their breath while taking soup. This habit should be carefully avoided. Making a noise in chewing, by smacking the lips, or breathing hard, are both unseemly habits. Use your knife, fork and teeth as quietly as possible.

Do not pick your teeth at table, except in an emergency; as, however satisfactory a practice it may be to yourself, to witness it is not at all pleasant.

Ladies should never dine with their gloves on, unless their hands are not fit to be seen, though the habit is not positively ungenteel.

Servants occasionally wait at table in clean white gloves, as there are few things more disagreeable than the thumb of a clumsy waiter in your plate; but the custom of their waiting in gloves has never been adopted in the mansions of people of distinction. A white damask napkin, in which his thumb is enveloped, is given to each servant, and this effectually precludes its contact with your plate.

Most writers on Dinner Table Etiquette prescribe that in sending your plate for anything you should leave your knife and fork upon it. There seems also to be a reason for the custom in the fact that to hold them in your hand would be awkward, and to lay them on the table-cloth might spoil it; but the author of the "American Gentleman's Guide," whose acquaintance with the best usage is not to be questioned, says that they should be retained, and either kept together in the hand or rested upon your bread, to avoid soiling the cloth.

Finger glasses, when used, come on with the dessert, and are filled with warm water. Wet a corner of your napkin, and wipe your mouth, then rinse your fingers; but do not practice the filthy custom of gargling your mouth at table, albeit the usage prevails among a few, who think that because it is a foreign habit it cannot be disgusting.

The French fashion of having the principal dishes carved on a side-table, and served by attendants, is now very generally adopted at ceremonious dinners in this country; nevertheless, those who go into company cannot safely count upon never being called upon to carve, and the art is well worth acquiring. Ignorance of it sometimes places one in an awkward position. You will find directions on this subject in almost any cook-book; you will learn more, however, by watching an accomplished carver than in any other way.

Never pare an apple or a pear for a lady, unless she desires you to do so, and then be careful to use your fork to hold it. You may sometimes offer to divide a very large apple or pear with a person.

Coffee is sometimes served in the dining-room and sometimes in the drawing-room after dinner. If served at table, do not be in a hurry to have it brought, but wait until every one has done with his wine for fear you should seem chary of the wine.

Should your servants break anything while you are at table, never turn round, or inquire into the particulars, however annoyed you may feel. If your servants betray stupidity or awkwardness in waiting on your guests, avoid reprimanding them publicly, as it only draws attention to their errors, and adds to their embarrassment.

It is customary, when you have been out dining, to leave a card upon the lady the next day, or as soon after as may be convenient; but attentions of this sort are not always expected from professional or business men, their time being too valuable to sacrifice in making visits of mere ceremony; therefore, do not attribute such omission to any want of respect, but to its proper cause—time more usefully occupied.

When a man is about to be married, he usually gives a dinner to his bachelor friends; which is understood to be their *conge*, unless he chooses to renew their acquaintance.

[The Boston Transcript says the following poem must be by Holmes, as it has all the peculiarities of his mind and style.]

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE.

[FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, FOR MAY]

She has gone—she has left us in passion and pride,—
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one,—
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But we said, "She is hasty,—she does not mean much."
We have scowled when you uttered some turbulent threat;
But Friendship still whispered, "Forgive and forget!"

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?
Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold?
Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves:

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow,
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

Our Union is riven, lake, ocean, and sky:
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with fate that can never be won!
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,—
Run wild in the sunshine, away from our roof;
But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

WIT AND SENTIMENT

Walking a Raft.

A fellow once stepped out of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the regular old-fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long. Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said to himself, "I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let my eyes behold the timbers which the hand of man hath hewn." So he got on at the lower end, and begun to ambulate over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as he got started, the raft started too, and as he walked up the river, it floated down, both travelling at the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks, he found they were pretty near the shore, and in sight of a tavern; so he landed, and straight into the bar room he'd come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord steadily in the face, and settled it in his own way. "Publican,' said he, "are you gifted with a twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting wood-pile, and corresponding circus bill a mile from here?" The tavern-keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so. "And, publican, have you among your dry goods for the entertainment of man and horse any whisky of the same size of that of your brother's?" And the tavern man said, from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, he had. They took drinks, when the stranger said, "Publican, that twin brother of yours is a fine young man—a very fine man indeed. But do you know, I'm afraid he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diptheria!" "And what's that?" asked the tod-sticker. "It's when the truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, call it lyin'. When I left your brother's confectionary, there was a raft at his door, which he swore his life to was a mile long. Well, publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to yours. Now, I know my time, an' I am just as good for myself as for a hoss, and better for that than any man you ever *did* see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes, on a good road, and I'll be busted with an overloaded Injun gun if I've been moren' ten minutes coming here, steppin' over the blamed logs at that."

Marrying Incidents.

☞ A clergyman in Glasgow used to relate the following: "In marrying a couple, he asked the bride, in the usual form, whether she would be 'a loving, a faithful, and obedient wife.' The bride promptly replied that she would promise to be loving and faithful, but would not venture on a pledge of uniform obedience. The minister paused and demurred. 'Just say awa, sir,' ejaculated the bridegroom; 'she has promised to be lovin' and faithfu', an' fa' thae fingers,' raising his fist, 'gin she's no obedient!' A similar narrative, in which the bride proved the prevailing party, was told by the late Dr. Maclean, of the Gorbals, Glasgow. The Reverend Doctor, in marrying a couple, failed to obtain any indication from the bridegroom as to whether he would accept the bride as his helpmate. After a considerable pause, the bride, indignant at the stolidity of her intended husband, pushed down his head with her hand, at the same time addressing him aloud, 'Canna ye boo, (bow,) ye brute!' A Paisley bride, who was united to a stolid husband, was, according to the testimony of the Rev. Mr. M——, who performed the ceremony, more considerate in her expressions. The bridegroom having given no response to the question, though often repeated by the minister, "Do you take this woman to be your married wife?" the bride broke in, 'Deed does he, sir; he promises a' that ye require!"'

Eloquence at a Discount.

"May it please the court,' said a Yankee lawyer before a Dutch judge, the other day, "this is a case of the greatest impartance; while the American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches the welfare of this mighty republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghenies to the rocky chain of the West, was rejoicing in his pride of place"— "Shtop dare! shtop, I say; vat has dis suit to de mit eagles? It has nothing to do mit the wild bird; it is von sheep!' exclaimed the justice. "True, your honor, but my client has rights—" "Your client has no right to de eagle." "Of course not; but the laws of language—" "Vot cares I for de laws of language, eh? I understand the laws of de State and dat ish enough for me. Confine your talk to de case." "Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and—" "Dat will do! dat will do! Your glient is charged mit stealing a sheep, shust nine shillins. De court will adjourn."

Making an Assignment.

A man not a thousand miles from Syracuse, having made an assignment some weeks since, was called upon by a New York creditor, to whom he exhibited his books and whom he purposed to settle with for 50 cents on the dollar. The New York man replied, "How can you pay 50 cents on a dollar? Your assets will not pay 40 cents." "Well, never mind that," said the unfortunate debtor. "If my assets will not pay 50 cents, I will make up the deficiency out of my own pocket!"

An Economist.

A Scotch paper says: "In these days of revival services, it is to be expected that a variety of motives may operate in gathering audiences; but surely few would ever dream that the following would find a place among them. We give it as a literal fact: 'Were you at meeting last night, Nelly?' "Ay; I hadna' muckle ado, an' I thocht I micht as well gang, as it would help to save the can'le!"'

"AH, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, Mrs. Simpkins, but too much company."

PUZZLES, &c.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-two letters.
My 1 10 8 9 7 4 is a county in Illinois.
My 2 18 9 15 is a county in Virginia.
My 3 4 9 16 4 is a county in Arkansas.
My 4 5 17 12 19 4 is a county in Kentucky.
My 5 10 19 21 is a town in the Territory of New Mexico.
My 6 15 4 5 9 13 11 17 17 19 is a town in Mississippi.
My 7 13 22 10 4 10 is a county in Michigan.
My 8 7 20 22 4 is a town in France.
My 11 20 8 16 4 is one of the great lakes.
My 14 10 8 5 is a county in Kentucky.
My 22 8 9 22 is a county in Ohio.
My whole is the name of an institution worthy of notice. T. W. K.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the longest and the shortest thing known, the most divisible and the most extended? Time.

Why are the people of Texas like cinnamon trees? The bark of their Twiggs is worth more than the body.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN LAST WEEK'S "*Newspaper*:"—"*Honorable William Henry Seward.*"
ANSWER TO CHARAE.—"*The letter A.*"